State Library [July 05]

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY. | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1905. | NO. 12

BIG FLOOD DOES GREAT DAMAGE

Pennsylvania and P., S. & N. R. R. Put Out of Business Monday.

MANY TRAINS ARE TIED UP BY IT.

Allegheny River Highest for Years—Bottle Factory Was Shut Down—Some Exciting Experiences.

The warm sun of Friday and Saturday followed by the heavy rain of Saturday night and Sunday, which melted much of the vast accumulation of snow and ice, brought forth one of the largest floods that has been known in this section for years on Monday. Although right at Smethport the water was not unusually high, it rose enough to shut down the Haines Flint Bottle factory and cause considerable inconvenience to people living on the lowlands.

The Allegheny river and Potato creek were unusually high on Monday. Near Coryville the flood swept over the tracks of the Pennsylvania and P., S. & N. railroads, undermining both so that it was impossible to run a train over either on Monday, but the Pennsylvania succeeded in getting their tracks repaired sufficiently to run trains over them on Tuesday. The P., S. & N., which had over 300 feet of track undermined, was not so successful and was compelled to run their St. Marys and Hornellsville trains over the Pennsylvania tracks from White House to Clermont until Wednesday. The P., S. & N. tracks between White House and Olean were so badly washed out that operations over this part of their line has also been suspended.

The county bridge at Ceres was knocked off its foundation by a jam of ice and although it was not swept away we learn from the county commissioners that it will need considerable repairs before it can again be used.

Sunday, while on his way to visit a patient near Farmers Valley, Dr. John Clark had an exciting experience. He drove across from the Farmers Valley store to Reed Hollow. When between the two railroads the water was so high it nearly came onto the seat of the buggy and when the little bridge was reached he found that the planks were raised a foot from the stringers. It was impossible to turn around on the narrow road and in the deep water so he forced the horse onto the floating planks and fortunately the crossing was made in safety. Further on he got into a snow drift partially covered with water and his horse fell. By getting out into the icy water waist deep he managed to get the animal on its feet again and to a barn, the doctor making the rest of the trip on foot. Had the noble animal made one misstep on that bridge he undoubtedly would have been drowned and Dr. Clark would have had at least an even chance of sharing the same fate.

Pittsburg has experienced one of the fiercest floods known in the Allegheny river for years. The water was at a very high point Monday evening. At Herr's Island the gauges registered 31 feet; at Sixth street bridge, 28 feet and at Davis Island dam 26 feet 4 inches. The monetary damage was extremely large and 10,000 people were temporarily thrown out of employment.

All along the Allegheny river from Olean down the water did much damage and in nearly every city and town many people were driven from their homes.

At Carrollton a freight train on the Chautauqua division of the Pennsylvania railroad was buried 15 feet under a landslide. A corps of 200 workmen were sent to dig out the train, and a steamshovel later was brought to the scene.

Fire at Lewis Run.

About 11.30 o'clock last night Edward Pierce, watchman for the Bradford Terra Cotta Co.'s plant at Lewis Run, discovered the building to be on fire. The alarm was given and the Lewis Run fire company responded, doing effective work and preventing the flames from spreading to nearby buildings. The fire in the terra cotta plant burned fiercely and the building and its equipment were totally destroyed and the loss is roughly estimated at $50,000 with small insurance. It is the belief of the watchman that a gas leak was the cause as the flames were under very strong headway when discovered. The loss is a severe blow to the community as it was running full time and employed fifty men who will be thrown out of employment. The plant will be rebuilt.

I am offering for sale pure ground buckwheat flour made at Eldred mills from buckwheat raised on my own farms; also pure maple syrup, at $1.00 per gallon, in one gallon cans, made in sugar bush of A. G. Abbey. D. C. Young, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the Miner.

The Brockton Horror.

In the explosion of a boiler in the shoe factory of the E. B. Grover company at Brockton, Mass., on Monday, about sixty people were killed and nearly as many more injured.

The explosion was immediately followed by a flash of flame, which destroyed the factory, a long, four-story structure, as if it were a house of cards, and incinerated an unknown number of men and women who were unable to extricate themselves from a mass of tangled wreckage formed by the terrific explosion in the boiler room. More than half a hundred of the employes in the building were maimed, burned or bruised by the time they reached safe ground. Some had jumped from the roof, some from windows and others had been injured in the mad rush to escape. From all parts emitted the intense awful heat of an inferno, driving back the band of heroic rescuers who, in a few brief moments, had performed gallant services.

The fire extended from the factory to seven other buildings in the vicinity and destroyed them.

It may never be known just how many persons perished in the wreckage. No one knows exactly how many persons were in the factory. The number has been estimated at 400.

Two hundred and fifty survivors have been accounted for and the remains of 50 bodies have been recovered from the ruins. Fragments of human frames, which possibly might belong to bodies other than those enumerated, have also been found. Few of the remains have been identified. The head in nearly every case is missing and except in rare instances it was impossible to distinguish the sex.

War News.

There is considerable of a lull in war operations up to the present time. The retreat of the Russian army for the past week has been steady and aside from the Japanese cutting off a few stragglers there has been no fighting to amount to anything.

It is officially announced that General Kuropatkin has been appointed commander of the first Manchurian army. This is the army commanded by General Linievitch, before he was chosen to succeed Kuropatkin as commander-in-chief. The position of the two generals are exactly reversed.

Advices from Japan state that an English company has been awarded a contract to raise the sunken Russian ships at Port Arthur. It is claimed that every vessel with the possible exception of the battleship Sevastopol can be raised and repaired. The former Russian cruiser Variag, sunk at Chemulpo, at the beginning of the war, has been raised and taken to Nagaski for repairs.

A Liban telegram states that the Russian authorities are not yet able to organize the proposed fourth squadron on account of their inability to secure seamen. Many of the officers are mere boys without sea training and the crews are composed largely of peasants who were never aboard ship previous to their enlistment.

Russian Governor Shot.

A dispatch from Viborg, European Russia, dated March 20, says: Governor Miasorodoff was shot and seriously wounded to-day by a boy, whose identity has not been ascertained. The assassin, who is about 15 years old, obtained an entrance to the governor's office and fired three times at him, one bullet inflicting a serious wound and the others slightly wounding the governor's legs. The governor's clerks and secretary were unable to stop the would-be assassin, who reached the streets where, however, he was arrested without a struggle. The governor's condition is critical.

The youth who shot the governor has been identified as Matti Hjalmer Reinikke, who admits that he is a revolutionist. He hails from Kurikke parish, in the northwestern part of Finland, but recently has been living in Stockholm to avoid arrest on account of his known revolutionary ideas. He returned four days ago to Finland by way of Tornea, and spent three days in Viborg, but declines to reveal his stopping place.

Died Suddenly in Kinzua Depot.

Charles F. Smith, a well known resident of Custer City, died suddenly of peritonitis at 9:40 o'clock Monday morning in the B., B. & K. depot at Kinzua, while awaiting a train for Bradford. He had been visiting relatives in the vicinity of Rew for several weeks and on Saturday was taken ill, necessitating the services of a physician. At the depot he was stricken with heart trouble, superinduced by peritonitis, and his death resulted within a few minutes. The deceased was aged 60 years, and is survived by his widow; three sons, Oliver and Clover Smith, of Oil Centre, Cal., and S. P. Smith of Bordell, and a daughter, Mrs. J. A. Hooper, of Bordell.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 82x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of

JOHN BENOQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD HARRY FOOTE IS DROWNED.

Swept Under Ice Below Dam Near Shawmut Depot.

BODY WAS FOUND BY HIS FATHER.

Was Playing on Ice—In the Water Over Two Hours—Funeral Held at Coryville on Saturday.

Harry, the seven-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses Foote, who reside on Green street, was drowned shortly before six o'clock last Thursday evening in the deep hole just below the dam near the P., S. & N. R. R. depot on Water street.

This little fellow, with on or two other boys, had been playing on the ice around the banks of the stream and finally young Foote ventured near the edge, where the current had cleared the ice, to get a tin can. The ice being thin, gave way and the boy plunged into the water and the strong current carried him under the ice. At first his playmates were too frightened to give an alarm and by the time the accident became known to men nearby all hope of saving his life was passed.

Preparations were made to recover the body and while some were watching from the bank until boats, hooks, etc., could be procured the lifeless body was swept from under the ice by a sort of whirlpool at this point in full view of the spectators, but before an effort could be made to rescue him, he was again carried under the ice. Hundreds of people gathered around the place and as many as could work to advantage took part in the search for the body.

At about eight o'clock the boy's father, who had worked untiringly in the search, caught the clothing on the little body with a hooked pike pole and drew all that remained of his child into the boat with him. He then rowed to shore where F. B. Andrews took the body from the broken hearted father's arms and carried it to Sasse's undertaking rooms, where it was prepared for burial, and later in the evening taken to the family home.

Harry was a bright little fellow who would have been seven years old in April, and his untimely death will be deeply mourned by his loving parents, his little brother and sister and a host of playmates.

On Friday afternoon after a short prayer at the house by Rev. A. B. Sprague of Farmers Valley the remains were taken to Coryville and the funeral was held from the church at that place on Saturday. His remains were laid at rest in the Coryville cemetery.

This is the third drowning accident that has happened at this place, which is commonly called the little dyke, in the past fourteen years. On Monday, September 14, 1891, Eddie, the little foster son of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rifle, was drowned in this spot, and on Sunday, May 21, 1899, B. F. Corwin lost his life by drowning in the same place.

A Grange Building.

The local Grange have plans for a building which they are contemplating the erection of in this place in the near future if the necessary funds can be raised among those interested. The proposed building is to be 60 by 40 feet, two stories high besides a large basement. In the basement is to be a farmers market; the first floor is to be used for an assembly room and lodge purposes, and the second floor will be for a dancing hall, etc.

A market of this kind is greatly needed in any community and especially here. At such a market as is proposed all farmers can put in articles or samples on exhibition at this place, thus making it much easier to dispose of his produce at the market price. It would do away with the house to house peddling by farmers and assure them a ready sale for all kinds of produce. In this way it would be benefit to both buyer and seller.

The cost of the proposed building is estimated at about $6,000 and we have been given to understand that a few of our business men who are always interested in farming stand ready to take at least half of the stock if the farmers in this vicinity who have a little surplus money on hand will take the balance and thereby insure their co-operation in the work.

We see no reason why such a building would not be a paying investment. The Grange as an organization would pay a fair rental for the lodge room for meeting purposes and the stalls in the market would also bring in some revenue. It would be a good thing for both the farmers and the business people of the town. Let everyone interested boost the thing along.

I have the agency for this vicinity for Elisha K. Kane's lumber and brick.

C. H. GLEASON.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Several flocks of wild pigeons were observed flying over this village within the past day or two. Rather an unusual thing at this season of the year. [Jan. 1878.]

Davis-Judd.—At Lafayette, March 10, 1878, at the house of A. Anderson, Esq., Mr. Geo. Davis of Norwich township was married to Miss Annetta Judd of Keating township.

On Monday night the clothes lines of Benj. Corwin in Mechanicsburg was stripped of the greater portion of their contents. The stolen goods were all articles of ladies' attire and we should not be surprised if Uncle Ben made some pretty thorough searches for the missing property. It makes him blush to think of the delicate task he is about to undertake.

A remarkable occurrence took place in Jacob Digel's stockyards a few nights ago (March, 1878), that is deserving of record. Six of his cows became the mothers of eight robust calves during the same night. Of these tender nurslings there were two pairs of twins, and one of the others was favored by nature with three well developed ears. Jake thinks that this occurrence is a sure sign that the Gillmor well on his farm will prove a gusher.

Died, at Griswold, Conn., March 22, 1878, of cancer, Mrs. Dolley C., wife of Thos. S. Tyler, aged 75 years. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. Gardner Barrett and Mrs. O. J. Hamlin of this place.

Village property in the town of Bradford has increased from 25 to 40 per cent. in value since the beginning of the year, and in some cases the price has doubled. (1878.)

Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1878, quite a number of the curious gathered at the Bradford Hotel to witness the rapid erection of a building on the vacant corner near the hotel. The work was begun at one o'clock and at four a building 14x18 feet, with a mansard roof, was presented. It was manufactured in Elizabeth, N. J., and the gentlemen who intend occupying it claim that it can be put up in forty minutes. Not a nail is used in the building, which consists of wooden frames filled with sheet iron panels, painted on either side. There are four windows and two doors. A folding partition divides the room. The ceiling is 12 feet high and of hard wood. A tin roof covers the structure. It is tastefully gotten up and altogether is one of the most complete portable buildings used. The cost is $300. Messrs. Hilliard & White, agents of the New York Life Insurance Company, are to occupy this novel and cosy office.

Perry—At Buttsville, Pa., of heart disease, January 20, 1878, Mrs. Catherine W. Perry, widow of the late Stephen Perry of Watertown, Mass., mother of Bishop Perry of Iowa, and sister of Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania, in the 73d year of her age.

We had scarcely put in type a local this (Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1878,) congratulating the workmen at the Extract Works upon the fact that the raising of the large building had been accomplished without accident, when the report of the terrible accident reached us. It appears that Mr. Rouble, with the other workmen, were finishing up the work of the few days previous. He was attending to some work in the upper part of the building, when, by some means, whether as the result of any one's carelessness or inattention we cannot learn, he was knocked from the timber on which he was standing, and unable to save himself fell to the ground a distance of over thirty feet, striking on his back and severing the spinal column. He was immediately taken to a neighboring house, medical attendance summoned, and everything in human power done for his relief that was possible. The doctors state that his spinal column is completely severed, and there is little or no prospect that his life can be saved. With the most favorable results he would be a helpless cripple for life.

It is a most distressing and shocking accident. Mr. Rouble is an industrious, hard-working man and a good citizen, with a wife and three children depending upon his labor for support. He has a large circle of friends and acquaintances, all of whom will learn of his sad disaster with unutterable sorrow.

While taking down an old hand press in our office a few days ago, a young man, son of S. M. Lyman of this place, met with a painful accident. The boy was standing by looking on at the operation, and voluntarily took hold to help lift the upright portion of the press from the floor. As it struck the floor he did not get his fingers out of the way in time, consequently the middle finger on his right hand was caught between the heavy iron and the floor, completely severing the end of the finger below the nail. Dr. Freeman attended him, and he is doing as well as could be expected. It is needless to say that no one could regret this unfortunate accident more than we do.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

KNOCKED UNDER A MOVING CAR

Clint Hall has a Narrow Escape Last Thursday Afternoon.

HIS LEFT ANKLE WAS BADLY CUT

Accident Happened at Coryville on P., S. & N. R. R.—He is Both Fortunate and Unfortunate.

Clint Hall of this borough, a brakeman on the P., S. & N. R. R., had a narrow escape from being crushed to death under the car wheels at Coryville last Thursday afternoon at about 6 o'clock. As it is he is lying at his home on North street with a badly cut ankle, the end of one finger taken off and his arms, legs and body severely bruised.

The accident happened while the crew on Conductor D. M. Sheehan's train was switching at Coryville. A car of wood was to be thrown in on a switch at the chemical factory and it was noticed that one of the piles of wood along the switch was leaning toward the track so much that it was doubtful if the car would clear. However, the attempt was made to "kick" the car in and Hall was at the brake on the head end of the car. When the leaning pile of wood was reached the car struck the pile in such a way that Hall was knocked off in front of the car and between the rails. He saw there was no chance of getting off the track so he managed to get clear of the rails and caught the brake beam in an effort to save himself. He hung on and in this position was dragged about ten feet before the car stopped.

By hanging as he did he probably saved himself from being horribly crushed but as it is his injuries were quite severe. The outside of his left ankle is cut clear across, exposing the ankle joint; the end of the second finger on his left hand is clipped off, and his limbs and body were covered with many bruises. Dr. Chadwick, who dressed his wounds, first thought that he might have a stiff ankle but now he is of the opinion that the ankle will be all right and that he will be able to be about in a reasonably short time.

Clint Hall is unfortunate and still he is fortunate in his misfortunes. Less than a year ago he had even a more narrow escape from death than the one above recorded. He was one of the brakemen on that freight train which made such a wonderful run over the Loop-de-Loop last spring and smashed up on a curve about four miles above town. The car he was on in this wreck was smashed into kindling wood and he escaped with only a sprained ankle and other comparatively slight bruises.

"Souls on Fire."

The greatest serial story of the year by Louis Tracy, famous author of "The Wings of the Morning" and "The Pillar of Light," will be exclusive to the readers of the color magazine given free with each copy of The Philadelphia Press, beginning Sunday, March 26. The Sunday Magazine will be the only publication in America where this great story may be read. By special arrangement with Mr. Edward J. Clode, Mr. Tracy's American publisher, this story will not appear in any other published form until 1906.

England, America and Russia furnish the principal characters in this remarkable and timely story. Love and thrilling adventure is the theme, as in all of Mr. Tracy's most successful works. The action begins with a bomb thrown in London, an Anarchist meeting in Tottenham Court Road, some sensational disclosures in the Russian colony in England, and then shifts to the castle of a Russian provincial governor, or "Little Czar," whose subjects are in revolt at his intrigues. The plot affords superb opportunity for a brilliant display of the author's swift imagination, and an almost equally interesting display of his intimate knowledge of Russian life of to-day.

Struck by an Engine.

Fischer & Co.'s delivery horse was being driven along Hilton street Tuesday afternoon when a rein broke and the driver, H. A. Lester, was unable to control the animal. An Erie engine was backing up the track with hostler W. B. Potter at the throttle. The horse made a dash to cross the railway ahead of the locomotive, but failed and was struck and knocked into the creek, nearby. The wagon and driver were also hurled down the embankment.

The driver was much frightened and considerably jarred but was uninjured. The horse was hurt but not fatally. The wagon was wrecked. Had the engine been moving more rapidly the outcome of the affair would have been serious.—Bradford Era.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Prominent Bradford Man Dead.

W. R. Weaver, aged 66 years, died at his home in Bradford early Sunday morning, death coming from a stroke of paralysis received last Wednesday.

The Sunday Herald says; Mr. Weaver has been a resident of this city since 1876 and was one of the foremost citizens of Bradford. His business interests were extensive. He was a partner and business manager of the firm of L. Emery, Jr., & Co. He was an oil producer engaged in operations in various states, also interested in gold mining in Peru. He was secretary of the Inca Mining company, a member of the Inca Rubber company, Matson Oil company, Pure Oil company and United States Pipe Line company. He was a prominent member of all the Masonic bodies in this city and a member of the Consistory and of the Shrine, and also an Odd Fellow and member of various other orders of the city. For years he was president of the school board and secretary and treasurer of the Bradford Driving Park & Fair association.

Few men in this section were more widely known or more highly respected in social and business circles. He was a member of the Church of the Ascension and a generous contributor to worthy charities. He was a public spirited citizen and gave liberally to all enterprises for the advancement of the city.

He was married April 19, 1865, to Miss Helen Gibson. Mr. Weaver will be missed in this city, where he has been identified with its progress and prosperity. He will be missed by many friends and associates. But the bereavement comes with crushing force upon the family circle.

Mr. Weaver is survived by his widow and three children, Mrs. G. Ellsworth Greene, of Lockport, N. Y., Mrs. Courtney E. Hazelton, of this place, and Mr. Clarence E. Weaver, also of this place; two brothers, C. W. Weaver, of Hillsdale, Mich., and Clement Weaver, of Adrian, Mich.

Governor of Colorado.

Jas. H. Peabody on Friday last won his contest for the office of Governor of Colorado, from which he retired on January 10, after serving a term of two years, but his victory was achieved only after he had given his pledge to resign and surrender the chair to Lieutenant Governor Jesse F. McDonald, Republican. Gov. Peabody took over the office of Governor from Adams this evening. The vote in joint convention of the General Assembly by which Gov. Alva Adams, Democrat, was ousted and Gov. Jas. H. Peabody, Republican was installed was 51 to 41. Ten Republicans voted with the Democratic members for Adams. Peabody maintained that Adams was elected only by fraudulent ballots, cast for the most part in Denver. While the Republican majority on joint ballot is 35, the membership of the Legislature being 66 Republicans and 31 Democrats, it has been found impossible to gain for Peabody enough votes to reinstate him as Governor of the biennial term ending in January 1907. Twenty-two Republican members of the General Assembly, according to report, refused to be bound by any action in caucus on the contest and entered into a compact not to vote for Peabody. A majority of them, however, was in favor of seating Lieutenant Governor McDonald in the Governor's chair if means could be found to do so legally. Finally the leaders of the opposing Republican factions arranged a compromise by which Peabody would be vindicated by being declared elected and Mc. Donald would be made Governor. At the conference, at which the bargain was made, pledges were given to the independent Republicans by active supporters of Peabody that he would retire after being seated and permit the Lieutenant Governor to take the office of Governor.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending March 18, 1905:

Cary Miss Carrie,
Colgan Newton,
Long E. W.,
Peterson Herman,
Stanton John L.,

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Colonist Excursions.

Via the Missouri Pacific Ry. to California, Washington, Oregon and intermediate points every day from March 1st to May 15th at very low rates. Homeseekers tickets on sale to points in the west and northwest on the first and third Tuesdays of March, April, May and June. Winter tourist tickets on sale daily until April 30th. If you are contemplating a trip to the west, write for information to Jno. R. James, Central Passenger Agent, Mo. Pac. Ry., 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Barred Plymouth Rock Eggs for Hatching.

Winners the last 3 years at Olean, N. Y., shows. Pens headed by nice sized males and pullets that are bred for egg production. Per setting $1.50.

Carl and R. C. Sasse.

The Claim of Patrick O'Mara

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1905, by Charles W. Hooke

THERE was a great crowd along the avenue, and it was particularly dense at Fifty-first street, where a foolish millionaire in a bright red automobile had tried to cross ahead of the procession. Several policemen were reproving the automobilist, who was replying derisively. The crowd was jeering good naturedly and had closed in so thickly behind the car that it could not be backed without clearing carnage, and the odds were large that the impatient occupant would have to stay where he was until about three miles of Irishmen parading in honor of St. Patrick had passed that point.

The incident is of no importance in this narrative except that it resulted in blocking the path of Edmund Halloran, who was on his way to the University club. Mr. Halloran was a Democrat as a matter of intellectual conviction; but he was an aristocrat at heart. He disliked crowds, and with reason, for they are nearly always undignified. Dignity was Mr. Halloran's most conspicuous characteristic; he had so much of it that as a lawyer he could impart it even to the proceedings of the typical New York court.

Observing a vacant place upon the steps of the cathedral, Lawyer Halloran took advantage of it and for a moment was out of the press, but the people surged up and presently drove him into the sacred edifice. As he was entering he observed a tall, broad shouldered fellow who at the first glance impressed Halloran as a perfect picture of robust and sturdy youth. An elderly woman, obviously his mother, stood at his right and a pretty girl at his left. When the three turned to ascend the steps the woman and the girl took each an arm of the young man and helped him along. He walked with a peculiar lameness, as though the ole of his foot had been feel hot. The mother's tenderness and solicitude were beautiful to behold, but the girl showed impatience and a little out of temper.

Lawyer Halloran vaguely wondered what was the matter with the young man, never having seen anybody limp in precisely that way. It was a passing thought, and the matter would never have crossed his mind again, but a few minutes later, while he was enjoying the comparative seclusion of the vast and splendid edifice, he saw the mother enter and take an obscure seat. Immediately she began to pray with great fervor. The deep simplicity of her faith seemed to radiate into the atmosphere, and in its circle of influence the lawyer found himself assuming a more reverent spirit. The thought of his errand at the club and the annoyance of the delay were forgotten, and he was glad to be in the great church on the saint's day.

The woman remained at her devotions for perhaps ten minutes and then arose and moved toward the door, but immediately returned, as if she had forgotten something. She had, indeed, forgotten where she had been sitting, and, observing this, the lawyer thought it his duty to point out the error. He was one who had a nervous dread of mixing in the affairs of strangers, and it was with some difficulty that he brought himself to address this woman.

"You were sitting here, madam," he said.

His dignity quite overshadowed her. She looked up timidly and thanked him.

HE WALKED WITH A PECULIAR LAMENESS.

in a tone so humble that Halloran was ashamed of himself, for he felt that he must have assumed some sort of superiority. Therefore he replied with the greater courtesy, and poor Mrs. O'Mara was completely overwhelmed, for she perceived that this must be some person of exalted distinction. She was so embarrassed that she could not see the very fair purse that lay upon the seat, and Halloran was obliged to pick it up for her, observing as he did so how [illegible]

A memory of her earnest devotions was in the lawyer's mind as he escorted her toward the door, and by way of farewell he ventured to express a hope that her prayer would be answered.

"I was praying for my son," said she. "I have asked the blessed saint to cure him of his lameness."

The lawyer's curiosity was revived, and he inquired the cause of the young man's affliction.

"He was hurt in a railroad accident," replied Mrs. O'Mara. "It's likely you may have heard of it—at Berkeley last summer."

The accident in question had been no great disaster, but it happened that Mr. Halloran remembered having read of it.

"Has your son recovered damages for the injury?" he asked. And at that moment he perceived that young O'Mara and the pretty girl had approached within hearing.

It was O'Mara himself who answered Mr. Halloran's question, and within half a minute the lawyer was repenting deeply of the sin of curiosity. O'Mara backed him against the massive masonry of the arched portal and proceeded to tell him the story of the accident, with infinite attention to detail. The pretty girl was on one side and the fragile, sweet faced woman upon the other, and there was no escape.

The worst of it was that O'Mara had no sooner got fairly started upon his story than the shrewd lawyer perceived that there was something wrong. O'Mara immediately began to speak of injuries and sufferings which were wholly inconsistent with his attitude at the moment. It was his feet which had sustained the damage. They had been touched by fire while he was pinned down by wreckage; they had never got well; in fact, they became worse every day, and the doctors could do nothing. Yet O'Mara stood upon those very feet as sturdily as any man ever did. Only when he referred directly to his present sufferings did O'Mara wince and lift his feet, first the right and then the left, with a peculiarly distressing affectation of agony.

Out of the corners of his eyes Halloran could see now and then the pretty girl and Mrs. O'Mara. The mother's expression was tenderly, yearningly sympathetic, but the girl was ashamed. Her face grew redder and redder; she clinched her hands nervously. From time to time she tried to break off the story or to remedy some obvious absurdity.

"We can't get hold of an honest doctor," said O'Mara. "That's what's the matter. They're afraid, every mother's son of 'em—afraid of the big corporation. And my lawyer's no better; he's done nothing for months."

"You see," said Mrs. O'Mara timidly, "we haven't much money"—

"Money!" echoed the son. "Why, we'll have plenty of that if this case ever comes to court. Don't you worry, little mother. You'll live in ease and comfort the rest of your days or I'm greatly mistaken."

"I think we ought to go now," said the pretty girl.

Halloran was thinking hard. He understood the case well enough. It was only a little worse than some others that he had seen. This young man, who had doubtless been the support of his mother, had become utterly worthless as the result of his dream of gold. He had perceived the opportunity of extorting damages from the railroad company, and this vision of "easy money" had destroyed his appetite for hard work, if indeed he had ever had any. Upon this latter point the lawyer had considerable doubt. For O'Mara himself Halloran would have done nothing, but Mrs. O'Mara had somehow won his sympathy. He doubted the possibility of doing anything with the suit for damages because it seemed certain that, even if the young man had sustained any real injury, he had entirely recovered from it so that no reputable doctor would testify for him. Probably the best that could be done for him was to drive the dishonest delusion out of him by proving that his case was hopeless.

"Who's your lawyer?" he demanded suddenly, interrupting a flow of O'Mara's eloquence.

"Well, it's John M. Dolan," said O'Mara, "and I'm a good deal in doubt about him."

He was going on to state the whole case over again when Halloran asserted himself.

"I haven't another minute," he declared. "Here's my card. Come to see me."

The pretty girl stepped aside to let him out, and under the influence of his nervous irritation he thrust himself through the crowd, cut the procession like a knife and made his way to the club, where he immediately began to be remorseful because he had taken so churlish a leave of Mrs. O'Mara.

"O'Mara's a fakir and a fraud," said he to himself. "I suppose that girl's engaged to him. Well, he's lost her; I can see that. He's lost her love, sure enough; but he'll never lose his mother's, confound him!"

The matter was still upon his mind next day, and one of the first things that he did after reaching his office was to call up his learned friend John M. Dolan by telephone. Mr. Dolan was not in the front rank of the profession, and he felt flattered that so great a man as Edmund Halloran should have deigned to look up his number in the telephone book.

"This fellow O'Mara," said he, "wasn't really hurt much so far as I can find out, though I believe that he was unconscious when they found him, probably from fright. His feet were burned a bit, and they still show the scar, but I can't get any doctor to say that the man isn't as well as he ever was. If O'Mara could tell the truth under oath I could get him a few hundred dollars, but if you have seen him you know what sort of an appearance he'd make on the stand. He'd lose any suit. I've abandoned the case."

"All right," said Halloran. "I want to take it up."

He had scarcely hung up the receiver of the telephone when he was informed that Miss Edith Patten wished to see him. Halloran was not aware that he had ever had the pleasure of meeting Miss Patten, but when she entered his office he recognized the pretty girl of yesterday's adventure. She had come to beg him really to do something for Mr. Patrick O'Mara; whom she seemed to understand thoroughly. He had been a splendid fellow before this lust for damages had taken possession of his mind—an earnest, industrious, promising young man. Now he did nothing at all except talk of the money that he would win from the railroad company and the great pain in his feet, for which this money would requite him.

The young woman did not express it quite so bluntly. It was her opinion that the desire to give his mother ease and comfort and to make a home for herself had been at the root of Patrick's folly. So there was good behind the evil, as happens nearly always in this world.

Halloran frankly told Miss Patten what he intended to do.

"I know a doctor," he said, with a grim smile, "who is the most formida-

"HOW DO YOU DO, YOUNG MAN?"

ble of created beings. His name is Stone, and it suits him very well. When Mr. O'Mara comes to see me I'm going to take him to see my friend Stone, and when Stone gets through with him he will know that he is well enough to go to work."

That very afternoon O'Mara appeared at the office. Impressed with its magnificence, his own idea of the damages that he would get out of the railroad company grew bigger than ever, and he limped very painfully as he entered Halloran's private room.

Without waiting for the young man to begin his interminable story, Halloran sprang up and took him by the arm.

"Come right along with me," he said. "I'm going to take you to an honest doctor."

An electric cab conveyed them swiftly to the office of Dr. Stone, with whom Halloran had had a long talk by telephone immediately after Miss Patten's visit. Stone was a tall, thin, high shouldered man, having a face triangular, like a cat's, and glaring, yellowish green eyes. A tangled mass of iron gray hair tumbled over his forehead, which was broad and bulging. Altogether he was a fearsome fellow, and at sight of him O'Mara stopped limping.

"How do you do, young man?" said Stone in a rasping voice. And then he stopped, though it was evident that he had meant to say much more.

There was a moment of silence, and then Stone advanced, with his giant right hand extended and a pointing finger. He laid the finger upon a little white line that could be seen on the left side of O'Mara's head, a small injury where the hair had not grown again over the scalp.

"Where did you get that?" asked the doctor.

"In the smashup," replied O'Mara. "It doesn't amount to anything. But, doctor, I've got the most horrible pain of feet this"—

"Sit down here," said Stone, forcing him into a chair by a window. "I want to look at this scar; never saw one quite like it before. We'll attend to your feet by and by."

Half an hour later the doctor and the lawyer were alone in the office, while O'Mara was reeling home luxuriously in the electric cab.

"Sue for anything you want to," said Stone. "He can't get to have $50,000. That man's money value as the result of that crack on the head. All this business about his feet is a delusion, of course, but it's a delusion that the railroad people will have to pay for because they're responsible. Rely on my testimony. You know me."

"If you say that this is so," said Halloran, "by jingo, I believe I can get $50,000, and I'm glad for his mother's sake. Yet the poor woman would rather have him sound and well than twice that money."

"She'll have him sound and well before I'm through with him," said Stone. "Go and bring your suit. I want to observe this case for a month perhaps, and then I'll operate on the boy's head, and you'll see the result."

There is need of but a word in conclusion. Halloran brought his suit and forced it to a satisfactory settlement out of court, for the company's lawyer couldn't stand the combination of two such men as Halloran and Stone. Shortly thereafter Dr. Stone performed one of the neatest operations on the records, relieving the pressure on Pat O'Mara's brain and restoring him completely to himself. And simple hearted Mrs. O'Mara believes to this day that it was all an answer to her humble prayer in the great cathedral on the good St. Patrick's day.

When We Did Not Care For Japan.

When the first embassy from Japan arrived in Washington a member of the senate rose and said: "Mr. President, the first ambassadors from the venerable country of Japan are about to arrive. I move the senate do now adjourn to meet and welcome the Japanese." Immediately another senator was on his feet, not to second the motion, but to say sharply, "Mr. President, I humbly trust the senate of the United States of America will not adjourn for every show that comes along." That settled it.—From Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "Reminiscences."

All Settled.

"You're wasting a lot of time and money trying to capture that widow."

"Why? Don't you think she'll marry me?"

"Sure. She told me the night she met you that she was going to."

The Worm Turned.

"Do you shave yourself all the time?" asked the barber.

"No. I stop occasionally for meals," said Jimpian savagely.

OLD WORLD SCENERY

THE VARYING PHASES OF THE LANDSCAPES OF EUROPE.

What It Is That Makes the Difference Between a Russian, a Polish, a German and an English Scene—The Details That Count.

A friend of mine insists that nature plagiarizes herself in every township. He denies that she speaks "a various language," as Bryant assumes, and says he has discovered Holland scenery in Westchester county. A Vermonter tells me he found Grecn mountain views in eastern Ohio. It is true that in its elements one landscape is very like another; there are only a few types of scenery, as there are only a few types of physiognomy. And yet so vivid is the response of the mind to a single novel feature that it is seized upon at once by the observer and remembered as the characteristic thing.

Highly diversified as it is, it is possible to indicate by the use of a very few details the characteristic scenery of Europe, as I found when I traveled through it. Wild nature is pretty much the same everywhere, with such modifications as a couple of temperate or arctic climate imposes. But where the hand of man is visible upon it or where it is animated by his presence a scene takes at once those national variations that enable you to identify it as French, English, German or Italian.

I tested this for myself when crossing the frontier of Germany into Russia, of Russia into Poland, of Austria into Germany again. Beyond the Niemen the broad armed windmills grew scarcer, the storks gradually disappeared from the fields, the peasants seen at work there—it was the harvest season—wore red and blue and mauve blouses instead of the dull German colors. The fields themselves seemed wetter, the crops scantier and the methods of handling them more primitive. That was Russia.

Traveling westward a few weeks later, the bulbous and garish church domes, with their glittering Greek crosses, dropped below the horizon, and spired Gothic churches, surmounted by the Latin cross, took their places. The straggling wooden villages, with their shingled roofs and unpaved dirt streets, for all the world like a town of the American west, gave way to compact little gray hamlets, the green moss on their thatched roofs telling of a more kindly occupancy. The fields again showed careful and intelligent husbandry, and in the towns at the railroad stations I saw caps, long garbardines, sleuder figures and bearded aramaic faces of the Semitic type. That was Poland.

A fortnight later I was riding over a hilly but smiling country, with villages every half mile, their brown tiled, white walled cottages covered with grapevines and set among fruit trees; with neat little railroad stations and beer gardens about them, with straw hatted women taking in the late crops from the fields; with yellow monasteries crowning the hills and shovel hatted priests in the foreground. It needed no divination to discover that this was an Austrian, not a German, landscape.

Every distinctive line in English scenery and Tulme thinks every distinctive line in English literature was written by the moist climate. It gives the turf and foliage their dense green, leads a water course through every field, fringes the brooks with shrubbery, bathes the landscape in a soft and brooding atmosphere, robs it altogether of that daguerreotype sharpness which gives us the landscapes of America, and makes any nature poem by an Englishman a misfit for the new world. The sun shines upon Britain through a cloud. When I first crossed to France, after living some months in London, the thing that impressed me above all else was the perfect sunshine that flooded the fields. It got into my notebook as a new thing. It is the only difference worth speaking of between an English and a Norman landscape, if you except the mistletoe clumps in the forks of the Norman trees. The people and the villages are much alike.

I entered Italy over the Brenner pass from the Tyrol. The transition is breathless with the swiftness of the change from pine to palm, dramatic with the memories of the African and northern hordes that have stood on that mountain wall and seen Italy at their feet, for a Tyrolese landscape it suddenly to streak the farther hills with snow, place a village of wide eaved cottages, low roofed and covered with stones, in the foreground, have a jolly peasant in too brief trousers swinging his hat at you from the hillside and fill the air with the sound of running water and murmuring of innumerable bees. For an Italian landscape—at least for the Lombard landscapes, which I know the best—you must have the grapevines hanging in festoons from the mulberry trees, the corn standing between the trees and the vine, swift water from the Alps moving along the river courses or running through the trenches. You should have red tiled villas, tall, square church towers, fragments of ruined city walls, the stiff forms of the cedar and the Lombardy poplar and "the long white road" of the Latin poets, these and the eternal gold of sunshine which declares that, like their children, the gods love Italy.—C. B. F. in New York Mail.

The Three Horses Won.

A well known racing man recently lost £100 to a comparative stranger, who offered to bet him that he could produce three horses which could go ninety miles in three hours. The bets of the winner easily accomplished the feat by starting all three horses at once, by which artifice thirty miles only was the distance they had to traverse in the time specified.—London Standard.

Accommodating.

Doctor—Has your cough troubled you as much as usual today, Mrs. Grand Patient—Oh, no, not nearly as much. I got Hortense, my maid, to cough for me. She is a very accommodating young woman.—Boston Transcript.

MADNESS IN PLANTS.

Mexican Weeds That When Used Will Drive Men Crazy.

Marihuana is a weed used by people of the lower class and sometimes by soldiers, but those who make larger use of it are prisoners sentenced to long terms. The use of the weed and its sale, especially in barracks and prisons, are very severely punished, yet it has many adepts, and Indian women cultivate it because they sell it at rather high prices.

The dry leaves of marihuana, alone or mixed with tobacco, make the smoker wilder than it will let it. It is said that immediately after the first three or four drafts of smoke smokers begin to feel a slight headache; then they see everything moving, and finally they lose all control of their mental faculties. Everything the smokers say takes the shape of a monster, and men look like devils. They begin to fight, and of course everything smashed is a monster "killed." But there are imaginary beings whom the wild man cannot kill, and these inspire fear until the man is pale stricken and runs.

Not long ago a man who had smoked a marihuana cigarette attacked and killed a policeman and badly wounded three others. Six policemen were needed to disarm him and march him to the police station, where he had to be put into a strait jacket. Such occurrences are frequent.

There are other plants equally dangerous, among them the tolvache, a kind of loco weed. The seeds of this plant boiled and drunk as tea will make a person insane. Among some classes of Mexico it is stated that Carlotta, the empress of Mexico, lost her mind because she was given tolvache in a refreshment.

There is in the state of Michoacan another plant the effects of which upon the human organism are very curious. The plant grows wildly in some parts of Michoacan, and natives have observed that whenever they traverse a field where there were many of such plants they lose all notion of places. For this reason when a person reaches a place where there are many of these plants he forgets where he is going, where the place is and even where he is and what he is doing there. It takes from three to four hours for a person affected by the smell of the plant to recover the full control of his mental faculties.

Another very curious plant is the one called *de las carreras* in some places where it grows. When a person drinks a brew of the leaves or seeds of the plant he feels an impulse to run and will run until he drops dead or exhausted.—Mexican Herald.

FROM A WIFE'S DIARY.

A word to the wise is resented.

Many are called, but few get up.

Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.

Fools rush in and win where angels fear to tread.

Misery loves company, but company does not reciprocate.

Love is romantic. Matrimony is decidedly a matter of fact.

When we hear of other people's troubles it reconciles us to our own.

We never know how good we are going to be until the opportunity has passed.

If you bestow a favor forget it, but if you receive one it is wise to remember.

Happiness is the greatest of tonics, the best of cosmetics and the envy of dyspeptics.—Detroit Tribune.

Advice About Eggs.

A writer in the Delineator gives some sensible advice about eggs. There is a general impression that eggs, acknowledged to be a complete food, may be safely eaten on all occasions. On the contrary, as the writer alluded to points out, invalids and young children should never be given eggs unless they are very fresh. Persons suffering from biliousness, gastritis and several other troubles find difficulty in digesting even fresh eggs. Some physicians declare that the slightest tendency toward rheumatism makes eggs undesirable. The white of eggs whipped to a froth with a little water is a good thing to give fever patients, as a rule, but the physician should be consulted before even this is given to a sick person.

Elevated Rivers.

The most elevated river in the world is the Desaguadero, in Bolivia. It is of a considerable depth, and its whole length, from the village Desaguadero, at the south extremity of Titicaca, to the north end of the lake Aullagas, is about 180 miles. The average elevation of the valley or tableland of Desaguadero above the level of the sea is about 13,000 feet. The river whose source lies highest is the Indus, which rises on the north of the Kailas Parbut mountain, in Tibet, 22,000 feet above sea level.

His Sad Loss.

"Darn the luck! I lost a peach of an umbrella today."

"Yes, people don't seem to have any conscience about swiping umbrellas. How did you lose it?"

"Well, it was standing against the wall in the restaurant. I kept my eye on it"—

"You bet you have to! Well?"

"And just as I was getting up the fellow that owned it came along and took it!"—Cleveland Leader.

Chickens.

"Does he think there is any money in raising chickens?"

"Yes; he says for every grain they give a peck."—Yale Record.

"English as She Is Spoke."

Dumley—Do you take your breakfast downtown? Quibble—Yes, but I eat it at home.—Boston Transcript.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

A GRATEFUL MAN.

What a N. Y. Central R. R. Engineer Says About Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent.

Kidney disease is very common among railroad men. Nearly all engineers are troubled with pain in the back, this being one of the results from the constant jar of the engine. Mr. G. M. Geotchius, of Mattewan, N. Y., says: "I recommend Dr. Kennedy's Cal-cura Solvent to anyone troubled with their Kidneys and Liver. I have used it with great results. Many of my relatives and engineer friends tell me that nothing else gives them as much benefit as this wonderful medicine." All druggists, $1.00.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - $200,000.00

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN TORRENCE

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House

SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.

REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

UNDERTAKING AND EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE

SMETHPORT, PA.

PATENTS

PROCURED AND DEFENDED. Send model, drawing or photo for expert search and free report. Free advice, how to obtain patents, trade marks, copyrights, etc., IN ALL COUNTRIES. Business direct with Washington saves time, money and often the patent. Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively. Write or come to us at 625 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASNOW & CO.

Jolly Jack Tar.

"Jolly" is the word generally associated with the jack tar. He is the picture of health, and the health bubbles over in mirth and merriment. When people are sick, especially when sickness attacks the lungs the doctor often advises a sea voyage. But in the large majority of cases the sea voyage is impossible.

It is to the men and women of the workaday world to whom sea voyages or change of climate are impossible, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery comes as the greatest earthly boon. The effect of this medicine upon those whose lungs are "weak" is remarkable. Even where there is bronchitis, spitting of blood, emaciation, weakness, conditions which if unchecked or unskillfully treated lead to consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred works a perfect and permanent cure. It strengthens the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the body in all its parts is not merely fed, but nourished. And it is by nourishment that Nature builds up the body to resist or throw off disease.

"I had a terrible cough something over a year ago and could find nothing to stop it, or even to do me a particle of good," writes J. M. Farr, Esq., of Cameron, Screven Co., Ga. "I chanced to see an advertisement of yours, and, forthwith bought a bottle of your invaluable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Before I had taken half a bottle I was entirely well."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarter for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

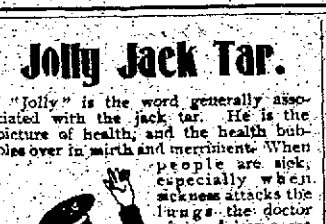
Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
AMERICAN FIELD AND HOG FENCE



Regular Style
Stays 12 in. or 6 in. apart

Special Hog, Horse and Cattle Style
Stays 12 in. or 6 in. apart

Made of large, strong, high-grade steel wires, heavily galvanized. Amply provides for expansion and contraction. Is practically everlasting. Never goes wrong, no matter how great a strain is put on it. Does not mutilate, but does, efficiently, turn cattle, horses, hogs and pigs.

EVERY ROD OF AMERICAN FENCE GUARANTEED

by the manufacturers and by us. Call and see it. Can show you how it will save you money and fence your fields so they will stay fenced.

Everything in Hardware, Farm and Dairy Supplies, Paints, Oils, etc.

THE BIG STORE. **J. C. HAMLIN**

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, March 23, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Bradford is having a great deal of trouble with tramps.

—The Lindholm Co. has an interesting advertisement this week.

—Remember the Republican primaries on Saturday next from 4 to 8 p. m.

—Warner's business college at Bradford sent two graduates to Buffalo last week.

—The new hardware advertisement of J. C. Hamlin is timely and interesting to prospective buyers.

—The picture of C. W. Catlin, one of Port Allegany's prominent attorneys, appeared in the Argus of last week.

—H. H. Redfield has been awarded the contract for the plumbing and fitting in the Charles McKean residence.

—William Wallace Weston, a veteran lumberman, aged 75 years, was found dead in his bed at his home in Weston's Mills, on Tuesday of last week.

—George Shillenn, the popular merchant tailor, has a new advertisement this week calling attention to his new line of patterns for the spring and summer trade.

—Carl Jessup of Eldred has been signed as a pitcher with the Olean club in the New York State league. Jessup has many friends in this place who predict success for him.

—A Wellsboro man, according to his wife, has the bowling craze so badly that he gets up in the night asleep, rolls his hat across the floor and then scratches figures upon the wall. He has torn half the paper off the bedroom wall.

—The Reverend Thomas Cardus, the new presiding elder of the Olean District, will preach next Sunday morning at the Methodist church and will have charge of the communion service. Love feast will be at 9:30 a. m. "A Mind Reader" is the pastor's topic for Sunday evening.

—When a Pennsylvania youth asks for a cigarette the law now declares that he shall be refused. No person under the age of 21 can legally beg, borrow or buy cigarettes in this Commonwealth. If boys desire to smoke they will have to "hit the pipe" or a cigar. The nicotine of cigarettes is regarded as a pernicious poison for adolescent smokers—and for those who are above the age of consent the poison is about the same.—Bradford Era.

Lions Like Lavender Water.

The old theory of animal liking for scents denied them any share in such pleasures unless they suggested the presence of their food or prey. But such a reason can hardly be alleged for a lion's liking for lavender water. The writer, wishing to test for himself the reported fondness of many animals for perfumes, paid a series of visits to the zoological garden provided with bottles of scent and a packet of cotton wool and there tried some harmless experiments which apparently gave great satisfaction to many of the inhabitants. Lavender water was the favorite scent, and most of the lions and leopards showed unqualified pleasure when the scent was poured on the wool and put into their cages.—Spectator.

Carnival Dancing.

Among the most picturesque of the carnival festivities of Europe must be classed that of the Gilles, or dancing men, of Binche, in Hainault. These men, 200 strong, in their remarkable headdress of tall ostrich feathers and their lace decked costume fringed with bells, dance from an appointed place to the town hall, bombarding the spectators with oranges as they go. Arrived at the town hall, the public joins in the fun, and soon some 5,000 persons—men, women and children—may be seen gayly waltzing around the Grande place.

A Real Miser.

They were seated at the supper table.

"Say, ma," queried little Dolly, "what is a miser?"

"A miser, my dear," answered the diplomatic mother as she glanced across the table at her husband, "is a man who thinks his wife's hat should not cost any more than his own."

Costly Pointers.

Miss Fancier—A pure blooded terrier like Buttons is about as costly a dog as there is, Jack. Her Escort—No. There is one that is much more expensive, the Wall street pointer that a friend gives you.—Puck.

Cause For Alarm.

Pennibus—Poor Scribbles is worried. Inkerton—What's the trouble? Pennibus—He's afraid he has lost his cunning as a humorist. The English magazines are beginning to copy his jokes.—Atlanta Constitution.

Family Objections Respected.

Old Friend—Why didn't you marry Mr. Nicefello? Sweet Girl—His father objected. Old Friend—I shouldn't have cared for that. Sweet Girl—Y-e-s, but he said he would cut him off with a shilling.—Good News.

Anger begins in folly and ends in repentance.—Pythagoras.

The Verdict.

Records of the ancient city of Germania, founded in 1610, better known at the present time as York Harbor Me., contain many quaint and unusual stories of the early life of the town.

At the entrance to York harbor a bold promontory known as Stage neck extends some distance into the sea, from which formerly in stormy weather or a temporary light in the form of a lantern hoisted upon an upright pole was displayed as a warning to mariners.

One dark winter night a sloop was wrecked on these rocks. A survivor on being questioned about the catastrophe said:

"The vessel struck, turned over on her side, and the skipper and another barrel of whisky rolled overboard."

The local coroner was summoned, and this somewhat startling verdict was returned:

"We find that the deceased fell from the masthead and was killed. He rolled overboard and was drowned. He floated ashore and froze to death, and the rats eat him up alive!"—Harper's Weekly.

Lobster Mortality High.

A lobster lays thousands of eggs, most of which hatch, but few ever live to grow up. This is not the fault of the mother, for she carries them about with her for nearly a year and with admirable instinct guards them as she does her own life. When the young are set free their duty is done, for they must then shift for themselves. Though hardly larger than mosquitoes, being about one-third of an inch long, the little ones leave their parents on the bottom and swim toward the light—to the surface, where from one to two months, if fortune favors them, they lead a free, roving life. The open sea is a poor nursery for such weaklings, which become the sport of every storm and the prey of numberless hungry mouths. Out of a brood of 10,000 it would be a rare chance for more than one or two lobsters to reach maturity or finally to end their career in the kitchen or the chafing dish.—St. Nicholas.

Imprisoned In the Wind.

Butterflies may be imprisoned and uninjured in the midst of a whirlwind. Gales in a genuine typhoon are so terrible that the stoutest ships can scarcely hope to weather them, but there is a spot at the very center of the storm where something like a dead calm prevails. From the outer edge of the disturbance, which may be 300 miles across, the wind velocity increases toward the center until within a few miles of that point there comes a sudden lull. There the rain ceases and the sky often clears. In this little calm area, which sailors call "the eye of the storm," a group of butterflies has frequently been imprisoned, and their dainty, delicate forms are as safe in this aerial cage as if hovering in sunny meadows, but as helpless as in a collector's bottle.

Coffee and Smoke In Spain.

Even of wine, so cheap and abundant in Spain, the natives seem to use very little. They are frightfully intemperate, however, in their use of tobacco and coffee. They drink coffee at all hours and apparently every hour. The clerk who takes his morning cup at 9 has another at his desk an hour later, purchased from a street vender. The business men passing through the streets pause while a fellow who carries hot coffee, hot milk, sugar and spoons harnessed upon him serves them on the sidewalk.

If the Spaniard does not smoke in his sleep, it is his only respite from the habit.—Rosary Magazine.

Stale Bread Day.

A traveler says that a curious weakness of grownup Moors is the love of eating newly baked bread. The cadi of Azemmoor, in Morocco, discovered that old bread was thrown away as waste. To waste food is a serious offense in the eyes of a Moslem. The cadi of Azemmoor therefore issued a bylaw prohibiting the baking of bread upon one day in each week. The citizens, he declared, must eat up the bread already baked, and he fixed Wednesday as the "bitalah," or holiday.

The Longest Novel.

The "Story of the Eight Dogs" is the longest novel that has ever been published. Fortunately, perhaps, it is written in Japanese, so no one will set himself the task of reading it. It contains 106 volumes, several hundred characters and numerous dogs, all of which are successfully disposed of by the time the last chapter is reached. Just imagine reading through that one book that would last a lifetime!

True Heroism.

The hero fears not that if he withhold the avowal of a just and brave act it will go unwitnessed and unloved. One knows it—himself—and is pledged by it to sweetness of peace and to nobleness of aim, which will prove in the end a better proclamation of it than the relating of the incident.—Emerson.

She Reasoned It Out.

Ethel—Mamma, if a little boy is a lad, why isn't a big boy a ladder? Mamma—For the same reason, I suppose, that, although a little doll is a doll, a big doll is not a dollar. Ethel (reflectively)—That's so. My big doll was $2.—Kansas City Journal.

His Hard Luck.

Benevolent Old Lady (to one of the unemployed)—Poor man! What have you done to your hand? Unemployed—Broke my knuckles, mum, knockin' at people's doors askin' for work.

In order to love mankind we must not expect too much of them.—Helvetius.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

Rogers Easy.

People who were present smiled at the little passage of arms which took place between two young ladies at a luncheon recently. One of them, a bride, shaking hands in her characteristically cordial way, said to the other: "I'm so glad to meet you! You have afforded me so very much amusement just lately."

"Amusement?" said the other.

"Oh, yes," went on the bride. "I've been through my husband's desk and have read all his old love letters. I found several very affectionate letters from you, and I enjoyed reading them really ever so much."

"I'm so glad you enjoyed them," replied the other. "But do come and see me very soon. Here is my card. I have the answers to all those letters, and you might like to read them as well. Mr. X.'s letters are so much more affectionate than those I wrote to him, I know you'll enjoy reading them ever so much more than you did mine."

Ideas From Nature.

Walking on the outskirts of Bolton one autumn evening, a clever young man became interested in watching the seeds falling from a sycamore tree. He observed that they acquired a rotary motion before reaching the ground, and, inquiring into the cause, he found that the two wings were slightly turned in opposite directions, which caused them to revolve in falling. The idea of making a screw propeller on this principle at once occurred to him.

Galvani, a natural philosopher of Italy, was dissecting a dead frog one day while a pupil was making experiments in electricity by his side. He observed that the muscles of the frog, being exposed, gave signs of motion whenever the nerves came in contact with the scopel. Galvani discovered the existence of a new principle in this phenomenon and originated the fertile branch of physics known by the name of galvanism.

One Man's Idea of a Joke.

"This artificial limb business is getting to be something wonderful," said a Cleveland man. "When a man can wiggle the fingers of an artificial hand it is uncanny. Practical jokes of terrible effect are possible with the artificial limb, and the victim is such in the true sense of the word. I saw a man in Denver about three weeks ago who walked up to the hotel clerk and in a friendly way reached across the counter to shake hands. Then he wheeled away and left his hand in the grip of the clerk. The clerk fainted—actually fainted, although he realized, I believe, that the hand he held was but an artificial one. The man who wore it had devised a scheme by which he might throw it off by pressing a spring. The delight he took in the joke ceased when the victim collapsed."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Tallyho!

A very early equivalent of similar sound and purpose to the tallyho with which a huntsman now cheers on his hounds appears in a quaint old song printed in 1730 called "The Death of Reynard, the Fox," by Sir William Young:

He quickly found the cover
Too hot for him to stay,
And soon Ned Catlet spied him
Stealing across the way

"Tolle aux!" then Catlet cried
And gave a gibbet shrill.
He tossed his brush as who should say,
"Come, kiss me if you will!"

Some, however, derive the cry when a fox breaks cover from "tallis hors," the French for "out of the coppice."—London Globe.

A Ghastly Pavement.

Gwandu, a native town in Africa, contains between 10,000 and 15,000 inhabitants and is surrounded by a palisade of poles, the top of every pole being crowned with a human skull. There are six gates, and the approach to each gate is laid with a pavement of human skulls, the tops being the only parts that show above ground. More than 2,000 skulls are used in the pavement leading up to each gate. The pavement is of snowy whiteness, polished to the smoothness of ivory by the daily passage of hundreds of naked feet.

Words of Violence.

"Words of violence nearly always begin with 'sp,'" said a poet.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that words of violence like spank begin with the same two letters, s and p. For example, besides spank, a clear word of violence, we have the sp beginning for such words as spurt, split, spring, splutter, spasm, speed, spill, spin, splinter, spurn, spar, spun, spike, spat, and so on."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Willie's Anguish.

"Say, ma," asked little Willie after he had been in conjunction with the paternal slipper, "did anybody besides pa ever ask you to be his wife?"

"Oh, yes. I had lots of proposals before your father came along."

"Well, do you think you gained anything by waiting?"

As He Saw It.

Miss Itiche—I lost my heart last night, pa. I accepted Mr. Poore, Mr. Riche—H'm! You didn't lose your heart—you must have lost your head!

Wanted a Change.

She—Why did that brilliant woman marry such a stupid man? He—Because her first husband was a genius.—Detroit Free Press.

In and Out.

"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes."

"No. I never have both out at the same time."—Cornell Widow.

Keep Watch

on the little things. They grow into big ones very rapidly. It's the small but neglected leak in your plumbing that makes trouble.

Plumbing

is like an egg. It is all or perfect or very bad. There's no between kind. Suppose you have us go over your house or office. We will fix any little thing needed. It will save you lots of money bye and bye.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK Smethport

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLE

FOR SALE.

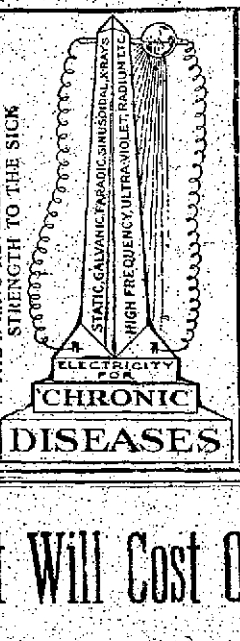
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes

Smethport - Penn

March 5 1903

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists



J. W. KING, M.D.

CHRONIC DISEASES
A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES, COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per inch column per annum, payable monthly. Occupy own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices 5 cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, March 23, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

BERT MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries. SAMUEL E. BELL.

Smethport, Jan. 23, 1905.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of Prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries, March 25. J. L. JOHNSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 22, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. H. M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

REGISTER OF WILLS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 30, 1905.

CLERK OF COURTS.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. W. H. MORRISON.

Smethport, Jan. 19, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.

JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 26, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.

GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. C. A. DUKE.

Duke Centre, Pa. Feb. 20, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the position of County Commissioner of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Democratic party at the primaries. W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., March 14, 1905.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The Miner is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the decision of the voters at the Republican primaries. GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Feb. 4, 1905.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

STATE DELEGATE.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the decision of the Republicans of McKean county at the coming primaries. THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 14, 1905.

GET out the vote.

REPUBLICAN primaries Saturday.

Go to the Republican primaries and vote for your choice Saturday. It is a duty you owe to yourself. Do not neglect it and afterwards kick because your favorite candidate is not nominated.

IT is said that during the present year the railroads of the United States will spend $200,000,000 in improving their systems. This will give employment to a great many men and lend much aid to an industrial boom.

AFTER the first day of September next, the American flag, according to a new law just signed by Governor Higgins, can not be legally used for advertising purposes in New York. That same law should be generally in force throughout the United States.

THE coroner's jury, investigating the collision on the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago Ry. near Clifton on March 3, wherein seven members of the Ohio National Guard were killed and about 30 injured, has recommended that Engineer Long be held on the charge of manslaughter and has censured several other officials for neglect of duty.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT is still the youngest man who ever occupied the presidential office. He enjoyed that distinction when he succeeded to the presidency, almost 4 years ago, and he still retains it. He will not be 47 years old until October next, and he will only then have arrived at the age of our next youngest president, Ulysses S. Grant.—Boston Herald.

AS a result of the horrible explosion in the Rush Run and Red Ash mines near Thurmond, 24 men now lie stark in death in the two mines. Ten of these were killed in the explosion Saturday night, and the other 14 were a rescuing party who entered the mine Sunday morning to take from the mines the charred and blackened remains of their fellow workmen. These latter were killed by the second explosion and the afterdamp.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., March 18, 1905

Senator Morgan of Alabama laid bare in the Senate Thursday the details of a plot which the Democrats describe as sensational regarding Santo Domingan affairs. He held the floor of the Senate all day and went into minute details regarding the alleged scheme of William Nelson Cromwell of New York to make the United States a party to the treaty by which private citizens would obtain certain valuable concessions in Santo Domingo, and which without the guarantee of this country would be worthless. Mr. Morgan asserted that the plot had been revealed to him by Mrs. Reeder a young woman from Alabama who with her husband had been operating as international speculators and whose business consisted in obtaining concessions in the South American Republics for railroads, power plants, etc., Mr. Morgan alluded several times to a "treaty" between the United States and Santo Domingo which has been drawn for the benefit of the Reeders but finally when it had been called for and read to the Senate the Republicans of that body declared that the whole disclosure was a fiasco and that Mr. Cromwell, who is alleged had operated with the Reeders, was a man of the highest moral and financial standing. Mr. Morgan, nevertheless maintained that if an investigation were made it would disclose the fact that Mr. Cromwell had grants for all concessions of any consequence in Santo Domingo and that it was he who would be found responsible for all of the influence in favor of the United States taking charge of the finances of that country and thus making good his grants.

In any case and whether or not Mr. Morgan was justified in his revelation of a plot against this government the Santo Domingan treaty is dead and beyond power of revival at this session. Despite the fact that there were not enough votes to ratify it there was a reassembling of the Republicans who had left for their homes. Senators Lodge, Kittridge and Dolliver were back in their seats Thursday and Senator Lodge was ready with a speech in support of the treaty but he could not get the floor. It is thought that nothing can be accomplished by prolonging the session of the Senate and it is probable that when this letter reaches you the Senators will have folded their tents.

The Committee of Interstate Commerce will, it is announced, hold its sessions in Washington beginning about the middle of April to consider the subject of railway rate legislation which was also dismissed without action at the regular session. Several members of this committee are among those who will sail in July with Secretary Taft's party for an investigation of conditions in the Philippines, so that it is not likely that they will consume many weeks in the discussion of railroad rates.

The triennial convention of the Mother's Congress held in Washington has come to a close and by Sunday all of these National Mothers will have returned to their homes again and become for the most part just plain, ordinary mothers again. A number of them have decided to remain over in Washington until in April when the Daughters of the American Revolution will hold their annual congress, for many of the Mothers are also Daughters and the Capital will thus not be deprived entirely of the spiritual influence and protection of these women organized as societies for the preventation and promotion of every thing.

The sessions of the Mother's Congress here have been most successful. A number of speakers of National reputation have addressed them, the feature of course of the Congress being the address of President Roosevelt which has been quoted broadcast in this country and Europe. The French and German Ambassadors and Japanese Minister have addressed the convention and given descriptions of the conditions affecting children in their countries.

Secretary of State Hay who has been ill a great part of the winter with a bronchial trouble has decided on the advice of his physican to take a long sea voyage this spring. He will leave Washington about the end of the week and in order that he may be spared interviews and excitements the date of his sailing and the boat have not been announced. Mr. Loomis the first Assistant Secretary of State who is also away for the benefit of his health will not return to Washington until April third. After the President leaves for his trip through the Southwest any business of the State Department outside of the routine work will be referred to Secretary Taft, and as Mr. Hay will return before Secretary Taft leaves on his Philippine trip the Department will not be left without a head. Mr. Loomis, it is said is the author of the original Santo Domingan treaty which has proved such an embarrassment to the administration and the leaving of Secretary Taft in charge of the State Department is probably done with a view to avoid any awkward situations in our relations with other governments in which inexperience in the conduct of the State Department might involve us.

The date of the President's departure for the Southwest and his hunting trip has not yet been announced but now that Congress is off his hands it is probable that he will make it as early as possible. Nobody who knows the President will doubt that he is eager for the change from weddings, dinners, and Cabinet meetings, from paved streets and flags and the tipping of many hats, from a dress coat and a set smile for the idyllic woods and the society of the cowboy where a "biled" shirt and a razor have never penetrated. There with a mustang and his gun he can woo forgetfulness of that balky steed, Congress which has tried his patience for three and a half long months.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republican caucuses for primary elections will be held at the regular polling places in accordance with the rules of the Republican party of McKean county, Saturday, March 25, 1905, between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of recommending and placing in nomination

One person for Sheriff,
One person for Prothonotary,
One person for Clerk of the Court of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer,
One person for Recorder of Deeds,
One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court,
One person for District Attorney,
Two (2) persons for County Commissioners,
Two (2) persons for County Auditors,
Three (3) persons for Delegates to the State Convention,

And for the election in each election district of one person to serve as a member of the county committee for the ensuing year, and that the county convention be held in the court house in Smethport on Tuesday, March 28th, at 2 p. m., for the purpose of canvassing the vote of said caucuses, the election of a chairman of the county committee for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may come before the convention.

GEO. PATON, Chairman.
HARRY M. WICK, Secretary.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 20, 1905.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Go to E. W. Jones

and see his line of Farm Implements, Reapers, Mowers, Binders, Hay Rakes, Hay Tedders, Binding Twine, Land Rollers, Spring Tooth Harrows, Spike Tooth Harrows and Cultivators of all kinds, Hand and Horse Garden Tools, Buckeye Grain Drills, the best side hill Plow on the market, also Cambridge flat land Plows, Lawn Swings, Wagon Jacks, Page Woven Wire Fence.

International Stock Food and Heave Cure always on hand.

Fertilizers that will stand the test.

Heavy and Light Horses bought and sold.

New and second hand Buggies, Wagons, Surreys, etc., always for sale. In fact any thing you want call and see

E. W. JONES
THE LIVERY MAN
Main Street. SMETHPORT, PA.
Opp. Court House.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

H. C. WELLS
THE LEADING PHARMACIST
SMETHPORT, - PA.

ALL THE LATEST IN PIECE GOODS FOR SUITS TO ORDER—UP-TO-DATE IN NIFTY STYLES. A FIT GUARANTEED. PLACE YOUR ORDER NOW FOR EASTER.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Just Received From New York City at Store of D. C. Young

Fine assortment of New Spring Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions. Newest things out in Wash Goods for Ladies' Wear. Also nice lot of Ladies' Shirt Waists for every day wear, at popular prices. Also a new lot of latest styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes. Call and examine same before purchasing elsewhere At same time do not forget to take a glance at our bargain counter where you can find many things that will interest you.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
Feb. 6, 1905.

SPRING SUITS

The latest styles in spring goods have now arrived. The assortment is complete in every detail, and one of the best ever shown in Smethport. Let me make your Easter suit and I will guarantee it to be satisfactory in every sense of the word.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Queen Quality Shoes for Women.
Packard Shoes for Men.

CARPETS AND RUGS

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

SPRING DISPLAY of Women and Girls' Wearables

This week we invite you to come and see new things in Women's Suits that we have gathered for your choosing. $28.00 Dressy Blouse Suits of Panama cloth in black and brown, collarless style, elaborately trimmed with black braid; new shirred top sleeve with turn cuff, postillion over hip.

Other Style Suits at $35.00, $27.50, $16.75, $12.50, $9.98.

$11.98—Nobby hip-length Jackets of fine covert cloth, fitted back and double-breasted; corded down seams with narrow straps either side and back, collarless style, finished at neck with stitched band of same material, new full coat sleeve, satin lined in tan and black. Other styles $11.48, $10.00, $8.79, $5.98

Nobby New Styles in Rain Coats--$23.00, $18.00, $16.00, $15.00, $14.00, $11.98, $9.98.

SOMETHING ELSE NEW

Girls' PRINTZESS Cadet Suits
and PRINTZESS Cadet Reefers

The Lindholm Company

HERE IS WHERE YOU MEET YOUR

MATCH

A THOUSAND FOR A

NICKEL

OR SIX THOUSAND FOR A

QUARTER

Come in and see a MATCHLESS MATCH BARGAIN

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, March 23, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The robins are here.

—Vote early on Saturday.

—Boom the baseball team.

—Friday and Saturday were ideal spring days.

—Green Brothers are making some repairs on their feed mill.

—Many sidewalks are greatly in need of repairs at the present time.

—There will be no meeting of the W. C. T. U. Saturday, March 25.

—The Boss washer is advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—The condition of Hon. Byron D. Hamlin remains about the same.

—Read what E. W. Strong, the plumber, has to say in this issue.

—Miss Nellie Masser entertained a number of friends Monday evening.

—Miss Ada Calkins is quite ill at her home on Church street with measles.

—Another harbinger of spring is the doleful bell ringing of the shears grinder.

—Miss Theo Gifford entertained a small party of friends at cards last Friday evening.

—Montgomery, Ward & Co. have a large advertisement on the last page of this issue.

—It is said that Horace Hay is great in "responses." For further particulars see Lew Marks.

—Miles A. DeGolier, aged 34 years, died at the home of his mother in Bradford Sunday morning.

—The ice having gone out of the turbulent Tuna the danger of a serious spring flood in Bradford is passed.

—E. W. Jones has purchased a fine team of black horses for his freight wagon. They weigh about 1500 each.

—The case of Keating township against Frank McGill was heard this week. The decision has been reserved.

—Wedding gifts is the title of a brief but interesting advertisement for H. N. Prill, the Bradford jeweler, in this issue.

—Mrs. B. L. Knapp received a telegram this morning announcing the death of her brother, John Dorington, of Boston, Mass.

—It is understood that the grange here is contemplating the erection of a suitable building for meeting purposes in the near future.

—Workmen have resumed operations on Charles McKean's beautiful residence on Main street. The work will be rapidly pushed to completion.

—The Woman's Auxilary of St. Luke's church will hold a cooked food sale in the parish house on Saturday, March 25, from 3 to 5 p. m.

—The present term of Edinboro Normal has the largest winter attendance in the history of the school. Catalog free. John F. Bigler, prin.

—The Bradford Era came out Monday morning in a new spring dress of the linotype style. The Era always looked neat and clean but this improvement was noticeable.

—The Port Allegany Reporter published a picture last week of St. Joseph's Episcopal church of that place. It is a cosy little edifice in which its congregation take great pride.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Croissant on Sunday, March 12, 1905, a boy. Charley says he will be in shape to assist his dad in stopping high fast ones behind the bat when the baseball season opens.

—Application will be made on April 1st to Gov. Pennypacker for a charter for the Mt. Jewett Glass Company of Mt. Jewett, the object of which is the manufacture and sale of glass bottles and other goods of like nature.

—A recital by the pupils of Mrs. H. C. Wells will be given at the Smethport Lyceum at 3 o'clock next Saturday afternoon. Miss Hinman will assist by rendering vocal solos. No admission will be charged and all are welcome.

—Mrs. Fred Scott of the East End, at the Edgewood club alleys last night, broke the ladies' high score in bowling, by rolling 201 points. This is the highest mark ever made by a lady on any bowling alley in Bradford, says yesterday's Era.

—The Joshua Simpkins company played before a fair sized audience at the Lyceum last night. The company is about the average of this class and the audience was fairly well satisfied. Some of the specialties brought forth hearty applause.

—A correspondent predicts a drilling boom for Duke Centre in the spring if oil keeps up at the present price. On the Loop farm near Duke Centre, seven wells will be drilled as soon as weather will permit, one rig for which is already erected.—Eldred Eagle.

—A meeting of the McKean baseball league will be held in Eldred next Wednesday, March 29th, at which time efforts will be made to organize for the coming season. It is to be hoped that the league will be a sure thing and that Smethport will be in it.

—The county auditors of Potter county have sued Editor Corwin of the Ronlctre Recorder for $6,000 damages. This fearless young editor published an editorial comment in his paper after he had been exonerated from libel which did not please the auditors, hence the damage suit.

—Married, at the Union church, East Smethport, Wednesday evening, by Justice O. T. Chase, Miss Genevieve B. Strickler of East Smethport, and Ben. J. Barnett of Kasheqna.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The lessons for the day will be on "The Prayer of Relapse" (St. Luke 11:26) and "Providing Things Honest" (2 Cor. 8:21).

—A preliminary examination of candidates for the Annapolis Naval Academy was held at Bradford yesterday. There were four candidates including Bevier Eckert of this place. The result of the examination has not been announced as yet.

—Now is the time for spring poetry. We will publish a limited amount of the stuff (if not too bad, nearly all spring poetry is bad, but some is worse than others) for 25 cents per line, cash or certified check to accompany order, and we also reserve the right to reject any manuscript and keep the money for our trouble in wading through the slush. These are our best terms.

—The drowning accident at the "little dyke" last Thursday should be a warning to young boys and girls to keep away from such places while at play. When parents of young children are liberal enough to allow them to go out of their sight to play the children should respect such liberality and privileges and not go in places or do things which they know their parents would not allow.

—A Punxsutawney dispatch of March 18 says: The charred body of 16-year old Blanche Dinger, daughter of Alexander Dinger, was found among the ashes of her father's barn, which burned down in Ringgold township, 12 miles west of here last night. Miss Dinger had been despondent over the death of her mother a week ago. It is believed that she set fire to the building and voluntarily burned to death.

—The parade and dance given by the Rollicking Rams on St. Patrick's evening was a decided success. Headed by the Smethport band a large delegation from this order, dressed in most fantastic outfits, marched the length of Main street followed by hundreds of young Americans. Later in the evening the dance started which lasted until a late hour. The music was furnished by the Lyceum orchestra and a large and orderly crowd passed a very pleasant evening.

—A very pleasant meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church was held at the home of one of its former members, Mrs. Eunice Colegrove, Wednesday afternoon of this week. She was the recipient of a beautiful azalia the continuous blossoming of which will help to brighten her Eastertide. When we see her so well preserved at her advanced age we are forced to believe her only "83 yrs. young." May she be spared many more Easter seasons is the wish of her many friends.

—A fair sized audience greeted the Gus Sun Minstrels at the Lyceum last Saturday evening. The company is made up of some very clever minstrel men and the performance given was above the average. The vocalists were all good and the Italian tenor, James V. Barardi, was exceptionally fine. The specialties were new and up-to-date and were well received. Stone and Lind made a great hit in their juggling act. The Gus Sun minstrels were new to Smethport theatregoers until Saturday but they made such a favorable impression that should they come again a larger audience would greet them.

To Tax Petroleum.

Representative Marsteller of Lehigh county has introduced a bill providing for the levying of five cents per barrel for each barrel of petroleum produced in Pennsylvania.

In speaking of this bill the Bradford Era truthfully says: He might just as consistently try to place a tax on the production of coal, corn, or any other useful, natural commodity. Attempts have been made in the past to tax oil in this state but they have always failed as they have deserved to do, and it is not at all likely that the present effort to add to the burdens and expenditures of oil producers will succeed. Nevertheless it would be advisable for the oil men of the State to give the matter their immediate attention and to ask their representatives at Harrisburg, by letter or otherwise, to kill this "snake" bill as speedily as possible. In this State enterprise and industry should be encouraged by every reasonable method not handicapped by unjust taxation. The press of the State should arouse public interest in the question and the lawmaking body at the State capital should be given to understand in a most emphatic manner that the taxing of oil as proposed by Marsteller is unjust and contrary to the spirit of American institutions.

To encourage and not retard the development of the State's natural resources should be the object of lawmakers.

Book on California

56 pages, 76 illustrations. Describes California and the route there. Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Line.

This is the route of The Overland Limited. Leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6:05 p. m. daily. Arrives San Francisco the third day in time for dinner. California book sent for 6 cents postage, F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, or W. S. Howard 881 Broadway, New York.

Farm for Sale.

58½ acres of good fertile soil, 30 acres under cultivation, balance good pasture land; 9 room dwelling house, good cellar; 2 barns. Located ½ mile from railroad station. For sale at a bargain. Inquire of Philip Hafner, Kasson, Pa.

Personal Mention.

A. E. Foster spent Sunday with his family in Kasheqna.

R. C. Gleason was the guest of Olean friends over Sunday.

J. R. Haughney of Eldred was in town the first of the week.

A. W. Mitchell has returned to his home in Parkersburg, W. Va.

Sandford L. Fry leaves to-day for Rochester on a business mission.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley spent Sunday with friends in Port Allegany.

D. D. Reed of Hazelhurst was a pleasant caller at this office Monday morning.

Miss Mathilda Billingsfold of Port Allegany visited relatives in town from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. Walter J. Hall returned to her home in Port Allegany Monday after a few days visit with relatives in town.

W. T. Jones left for his home in Newtons Mill, Pa., Tuesday after a visit with his daughter, Mrs. Wade Burdick.

Clifford Burlingame left Monday afternoon for a Western trip in the interests of the Backus automatic pin setter.

Miss Winnonah Havelock of Coulter, Ontario, is spending a few days at the Hotel Imperial, the guest of her uncle Robert Cuthbert.

Mrs. W. L. Hamma, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin for some time, returned to her home in Welch, W. Va., on Tuesday. She was accompanied by Miss Helen McCoy who will visit her for a few weeks.

Sporting Reporter.

It is doubtful, said a biographer, if any reporter ever surpassed in delicacy the reply made by an East Indian servant of the late Lord Dufferin when he was viceroy of India.

"Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?" said the viceroy one day to his shikaree, or sporting servant, who had attended a young English lord on a shooting excursion.

"Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Hindoo, "the young sahib shot divinely, but Providence was very merciful to the birds!"

This story calls to mind one told by the writer of some reminiscences of Sydney Smith. On one occasion the reverend physician, Sir Henry Holland, told the wit divine that he had failed to kill either one of a brace of pheasants that had risen within easy range near Smith's house.

"Why did you not prescribe for them?" came the quick reply.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the Miner. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Lawn mowers sharpened. Made to cut better than new. At Holmes & Gilfillan's.

BANNER PATTERNS
10c & 15c

MONARCH SHIRT
$1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

CORSETS AND WAISTS

The new spring fineries are constantly arriving so that our store has much of interest for you these days. With the best possible values and generous assortments of the newest merchandise we are making this store more and more a profitable trading place for you.

CORSETS We illustrate to-day just one style of the popular "Glove Fitting" Corsets with hose supporters attached. This model is a great success and you should have one to fit the new gown over. Our stock includes a great variety of shapes in heavy and light weights to suit all figures.
PRICE $1.00

THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING" HABIT-HIP CORSETS

SHIRT WAISTS Fashion has put exceeding beauty in the new garments for spring. We have bought liberally of those styles which embody the best ideas in white and colored wash waists. Habutai Silks, Sheer Lawns, Batistes, Madras and Percales. PRICES 50c to $4.50

FRY & COMES

BOSS! BOSS!!

The Boss Rotary Washing Machine is certainly rightly named. It is the

BOSS

It washes cleaner, uses less soap, less labor, makes clothes last longer, needs less room, and will wash larger lots of clothes at once than any other washing machine made.

We have also a full line of house cleaning implements, carpet stretchers, beaters, sweepers, brushes, brooms, mops and wringers.

The pleasing part of it is, our prices are right.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

CLOTHING

That keeps its shape and your confidence

Swell "Box" Short Overcoats, with fine big shoulders, from ..... $10.00 to $15.00

Genuine Scotch Cheviot Suits, double breasted and the new model 3 button Sack Suit ..... $12.00 to $18.00

The Latest in Soft and Stiff Hats and Walk Over Shoes Ready for your inspection.

WM. MONHEIMER,
SMETHPORT.

F-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

Wedding Gifts

All the latest up-to-date goods, Cut Glass, Sterling Silver, Bronzes and Novelties.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Successors to Gallup Grocery Co.

Having purchased the entire stock and good will of the well-known firm of Gallup Grocery Co. we solicit a share of the patronage. Having had an experience of eighteen years we feel confident that we can please. We keep on hand a fresh and complete stock of fancy and staple groceries.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Ladies improve your figure by wearing the

"FRADONNA" Bustle or Hip Pads

Made from shredded sponge, the only sanitary goods in this line manufactured. Be sure and stop to see them. Every day brings in new spring goods.

I am showing many handsome shirt waist patterns, no two alike, also the correct patterns in veilings, fancy ribbons, neckwear, beads, etc.

MARY L. BISETT, CITY STORE.

AT ST. BARNABA'S FAIR

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Margery's eyes danced wickedly; she snuffed battle afar. Miss Catherwood, waddling majestically from booth to booth at St. Barnaba's fair, had stopped short at sight of her, setting her nose at least an inch higher and sniffing audibly. Since they were fellow church workers it would not do to say Miss Catherwood hated Margery, but even since young Warwick had fallen under Margery's spell the elder lady had shown herself spiteful beyond words.

All Eppington laughed at her, of course covertly. She was in a way its great lady, owning the biggest house, the handsomest grounds and nearly the biggest bank account in the village. Young Warwick's uncle, the major, had a thought more ready money, but since he lived modestly, never subscribed to anything in public and gave away by stealth more than half his income he was no such personage as Miss Catherwood, whose joy in life was to write her name in front of a good round sum at the head and forefront of every important list.

Margery said audaciously that it was Miss Catherwood's habit to let both hands know all that even her little finger did. Possibly it was that speech, with the necessary accretions from mouth to mouth, which first made Eppington's Lady Bountiful so high and haughty toward its prettiest girl.

Margery Lane was easily that and much more. There was a sweet soul at the bottom of her velvet eyes, wit and spirit a-plenty under her mop of floss silk curls. All the finest young fellows of the village were her chums and sworn champions, even to the two or three who had tried to be something more. Margery's compelling gayety shed sentiment as a duck's wing sheds water. Thus she had laughed her would be swains out of sighing into a consciousness of what she persisted in calling their mistakes. When she had fully persuaded them to take her own sane view she sent them rejoicing on the way to court and marry other girls.

Thus in her own way she was easily as much a power as Miss Catherwood. Otherwise she would not have been what she was at the fair. Miss Catherwood was the fair's moving spirit. If she had dared she would have ignored Margery. Since she did not dare, she wisely resolved to make the utmost possible out of her enemy. Consequently Margery had the stall which dispensed impartially candy, cut flowers and literature. The girl's chums had behaved nobly in the matter of buying, to say nothing of her lovers, actual, possible and impossible. Major Warwick put himself at the head of the impossible, vowing things were at a pretty pass, indeed, when the girl he had brought up specially for himself was whisked away from him all in a wink by his scapegrace of a nephew.

Melville Warwick, the nephew, had been Miss Catherwood's protege since he was in short frocks—this in spite of his own smoldering rebellion. His mother, a gentle half invalid, was devoted to Pamela Catherwood, and Melville never willfully crossed his mother in anything. He had worn Catherwood leading strings with what grace he might up to the day he was sent away to college. When he came back from it to find tomboy Margery a creature of infinite and tricksy charm, withal the one woman in the world for him, he let it be seen he meant henceforth to have his own way. Within a fortnight he had courted Margery openly, getting a nay-say, of course, but equally, of course, whistling it down the wind.

"I'll give you time to find out your own mind," he had said. "It may take two years, but what is that beside living a whole life without you?"

Now he leaned upon the flower counter so ostentatiously rapt in the choice of a rose that Miss Catherwood had to speak twice before he answered.

"What is it, Aunt Pam? You want a rose? Let me beg you choose instead some of those choice chrysanthemums. You see, everybody wants roses, and all the flowers ought to go. The chrysanthemums swamp any woman less majestic than yourself. A dozen of the biggest and hairiest, please, Miss Lane. Change? Outrageous! Whoever heard of change at a fair?"

"I don't want flowers. Keep your money, or, if you needs must spend it, come to some of the sensible tables," Miss Catherwood said with what she meant for a withering glance at Margery, who smiled amiably.

"Do take him away, dear Miss Catherwood!" she murmured. "I have done my best to get rid of him this last hour. If he stays longer all the rest will hate me. You are an angel to deliver me from such a dreadful fate."

"You mean I am an angel. Angels are all masculine. I leave it to the highest authorities if that is not true," Melville said, standing stock still, his folded arms propped upon the flower table. Margery looked at him reproachfully. "You are blocking the way of trade," she said. "I have somewhat of conscience, howsoever you may be lacking in it. These flowers have got to be turned into flannels and soup and shoes for poor folks. Are you willing to pay in advance for all I don't sell?"

"Willing enough—more than willing!" Melville retorted. "Only show me how. I've been here three hours. Well, after this I can give pointers to the poor man who fell among thieves"—

"Melville! For shame! What shocking irreverence! Still I am not altogether astonished." Miss Catherwood interrupted, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Now, if you please, we will be going. Miss Lane, sell my chrysanthemums over again—and don't forget to add what they fetch to the amount of my original donation."

"Unless you buy them yourself, nobody will," Margery said, with a smile of infantine malice. "They are so big and dull and bricky red everybody has sniffed at them. Indeed, Mr. Satmire told me when he fetched them in, 'Pamela Catherwood is your one chance for these.'"

"Indeed!" Miss Catherwood was so near apoplexy she could not get beyond the word. "I'll give you a dollar apiece for them," she said, "and you can send them straight to the Home of the Homeless." Then, with a hissing shriek: "Girl, where is my purse? I had it a moment back—and laid it right there under your hand!"

"Yes, I saw it," Margery said, hurriedly turning about masses of blossomy green. Miss Catherwood watched her suspiciously, crying jerkily all the while: "My purse! Gold mounted, the clasp set with diamonds, and a hundred dollars! What have you done with it?"

"Hush!" young Warwick said imperatively, making to lead her away. People were gathering, staring, listening, craning necks, to see all about.

Margery let fall her hands, saying quietly, "It is not here."

The words took away Miss Catherwood's last vestige of composure. With a plunging lurch she overset the flower table, clutched Margery by both shoulders and shook her hard, hissing out: "You! You little bold faced thief!"

Stunned silence for a breath; then babel broke loose. Suddenly some one cried, "Miss Catherwood, there's your purse tangled up in the lace and jet on your hanging sleeve!"

Miss Catherwood raised a massy arm. There, true enough, the bauble gleamed. With one gasping look at Margery's set, white face, she fell all in a moaning heap at the feet of the girl she had accused, in her fall jarring down a big lantern and overturning it amid the rubbishy decorations.

Instantly there was a threatening flare. The flames ran leaping vengefully toward the groveling woman. If she breathed them once she was lost. Margery stood over her, her slight figure outlined against a heavy rich hued rug. Before another hand could be raised her arms went up, she tore the rug loose and, holding it banner-wise around and above her, dropped and smothered with it the flare at her feet.

An hour later Dr. Archer was saying as he patted Margery's burned fingers: "Little girl, it was a heap more than a life for a life. You thought only of your enemy, but you saved your friends as well. If the fire had gained headway every home in Eppington might be in mourning."

"I'm not trying to pay you, Margery—money cannot do that," Miss Catherwood supplemented from the depths of her easy chair. "But you shall be my heiress to prove you truly forgive me, and you shall marry Melville Warwick to show riches make no difference in a true woman's love."

Bluffed and Lost.

An English nobleman was once present at a church service when a collection was announced for some charitable object.

The plate began to go round, and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the edge of the new desk before him ready to be transferred to the plate.

Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin.

This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first.

His grace quickly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board.

The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins.

Just at that moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate. The duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket.—London Globe.

Disraeli and Carlyle.

No incident in Disraeli's career is more pleasant than his offer of a pension and a G. C. B. to Carlyle. A friend of Sir William Fraser walked with Carlyle for two hours on the day on which Disraeli's letter arrived. Carlyle described the letter being brought to him by a treasury messenger, the large black seal, his wonder as to what the official envelope could contain and his great surprise on reading the offer, conveyed in language of consummate tact and delicacy. Carlyle said: "The letter of Disraeli was flattering, generous and magnanimous. His overlooking all that I have said and done against him was great."

He added: "The accurate perception of merit in others is one of the highest characteristics of a fine intellect. I should not have given Disraeli credit for possessing it had it not been brought home so directly to me." He repeated the words "generous" and "magnanimous" several times. Disraeli's letter, by the way, though it entirely deserves the praises above quoted for its tact and delicacy, is by no means impeachable in grammar, for it contains within a dozen lines two instances of the hanging "and which."

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

DOCTORS IN ENGLAND

THE SCHEMES THEY USE TO GET IN THE EYE OF THE PUBLIC.

Shrewd Expedients by Which Lucrative Practices Are Acquired and by Which They Dodge the Rule of the Profession Against Advertising.

A young doctor beginning to practice is terribly handicapped by the rule under which any medical man who advertises is expelled from the profession, says the Leeds Mercury. He may be an extremely gifted physician or surgeon, and yet if he has not capital to buy a practice or interest with the governors of some hospitals he does not succeed in earning enough during the first few years to keep body and soul together.

Of course the result is that all sorts of dodges are adopted to evade and defeat the rule against advertising. It is well known in the profession that reputation and a large clientele depend more on the success with which this is accomplished than on real, scientific ability. A celebrated London surgeon once admitted to the writer that he rose to the top of the tree by getting into his carriage several times a month and driving at a terrific pace through a half dozen streets. Sometimes he varied this by forgetting to take a necessary instrument when visiting a patient and then sending his driver back for it hot haste. Naturally people were much impressed by the procedure, believing that Surgeon D. must be an excellent surgeon since he was so often called to desperate cases.

Another London Esculapius owes an income of £10,000 a year to an ingenious stratagem, on which he risked the last couple of hundred pounds he had in the world. Having a very intelligent sister who was desirous of helping him, he explained to her the difficulty of making a practice by simply putting a brass plate on the door and hanging out a red lamp and induced her to be his accomplice in what was not far removed from a fraud on the public. Her part in the plot was to take a drug which paralyzed her limbs and gave her the appearance of being in the last stages of fatal illness. Then she was taken in an ambulance to apartments in a fashionable west end street, in order, so to speak, as a forlorn hope, to place herself under the care of Dr. X.

Dr. X., her brother, had meanwhile taken rooms in a neighboring street, put up his brass plate and hired a carriage with a spanking pair of horses. Three times every day he spent an hour with the invalid, while the carriage drove up and down the street. He cleverly managed to have it reported that his patient had been given up as a hopeless case by all the big medical men of London. At the end of two months he had cured her, and patients began to pour into his waiting room.

But the most successful method of all is to write a popular medical book or a semimedical magazine article or even a letter to the daily press. One medical man found that a religious poem which he sent without any ulterior motives to a widely circulated church magazine proved better than a Klondike gold mine. It is also known that the best paying patients are not the really sick, but those who imagine they are.

These foolish people devour dictionaries of medicine and medical journals, and no one knows this better than the pushing doctor. In fact, the medical journals are more extensively read by the laity than by the medical fraternity, and the doctor who can get a clever article published in one of them is sure to draw patients. Letters to the newspapers on occasions such as an epidemic, the vivisection agitation and the like are equally effective. And no doubt they would be more numerous but for the curious fact that the study of medicine seems to destroy the power of writing well.

But probably the best advertisement a doctor can have is to be employed in some cause celebre. This is partly the explanation of the extraordinary spectacle now and then witnessed in the courts of three or four medical men swearing that a certain wound could easily be self inflicted or that death was undoubtedly due to arsenic, while three or four more pledge themselves that the wound could not by any possibility be self inflicted and that arsenic had nothing whatever to do with the death. Great is the scheming to get engaged in one of those trials, for the publicity is worth a diamond mine.

Still another plan is to get up a hospital for the cure of some special disease. For this purpose several doctors often club together and with funds of their own, plus what they can get from the charitable public, open a hospital for skin diseases or deformities or ailments of any and every organ. Their names are not only advertised in the press, by circulars and at all kinds of dinners and annual meetings, but often they are put up on a large board outside the hospital, and they who would otherwise remain obscure become famous and get patients from the four corners of the kingdom.

One of the most famous ways of advertising is the issuing of bulletins about the health of some man of note. Even if he have only a sty in his eye the public is kept acquainted with its progress. In that case the doctor already has nearly all the reputation and patients he cares for, but lesser lights often have their names associated with the crack physician, and every bulletin is worth a hundred guineas to them.

A doctor would give a deal to have it announced in the papers that he has returned from a well earned holiday in Norway or the Mediterranean, and many a medical man owes his comfortable income to the friendly editor who says something about him in the column of personal news.

Most of these methods are open only to the city practitioner. The men who settle in small towns have to adopt different means. Generally they make use of all their arts to make friends with the ladies. They try to be very charming at garden parties and bazars, attend church regularly and sometimes have a note brought to them in the middle of service and hurry away. They endeavor to make themselves popular in the local clubs, or get remarkable by the possession of a spirited horse, or bleach their hair to look wise, or give a public lecture. Sometimes they win attention through the efforts of a tactful wife.

Another very good plan, open to the provincial as well as the city doctor, is to send testimonials to some wine or mineral water importer or to a manufacturer of sanitary clothing and occasionally to a quack medicine vender. In this way they get their names constantly in the local papers without infringing the rule against advertising.

The worst of it all, from the public point of view, is that it is not the best physician or surgeon who gets the greatest reputation, but the best man of business. And while patients crowd to the fashionable houses of mediocre doctors who have cleverly advertised themselves the most skillful physicians and surgeons of all grow rusty and all but starve in back streets.

MIDDLE AGED FOLKS.

The Change Which Has Come Over the Spirit of the Times.

In the middle of the nineteenth century a man of forty-five was regarded almost elderly, and a woman of the same age was expected to have long since cut herself adrift from all ties binding her to her youth and to assume the appearance and deportment of a staid, exemplary matron. All this has changed in a particularly interesting way, of which the prominent feature is a seeming contradiction. If the three-year-old child of today is as knowing as was the six-year-old of half a century ago, and the ten-year-old boy of today is in many respects quite as much a man as was his grandfather at eighteen, one might naturally expect that in due gradation the modern middle-aged man should be old beyond his years. But such is not the case.

Middle age, so far even from hurrying on into senility, so far even from standing still, would seem actually to have stepped backward and marched alongside of youth. There is a jauntiness, a buoyancy, an elasticity, about the middle age of today at which our fathers would have shaken their heads as unseemly. The gulf which once separated the middle aged parent from his children has been filled up. The curtain which shrouded the middle aged man generally from the eyes of youth and which caused him to be regarded with respect if not with awe has been lifted, and in obedience to the same influences which have made the schoolmaster the friend of the schoolboy and the regimental officer almost the comrade of his men the middle aged man of today is never so happy as when working or playing upon an equality and actually in competition with youth.

As with men, so it is with women. Social statisticians tell us that the age at which women are considered most eligible for marriage has been very notably advanced of late years, and we know that the lament of many a match-making mamma is that the most dreaded rivals of her darling are not to be found so much among the girls of her own age as among women who not many years ago would have been relegated to the ranks of hopeless old maidenhood. The fact that the middle aged woman of today is much younger in manner and tastes is, of course, not the only reason for this, but it is among the most potent.—London Spectator.

A Woman's Criticism.

"Women generally go against their own best interests, don't they?" a blond girl asked reflectively. Her companion at one of those cozy little tables in a downtown shop that give one a chance to rest a few minutes after the matinee and talk over the play over a cup of chocolate only smiled, and the blond continued: "Do you see that little one act comedy at the table across the room? Madam over there came in with her husband and a cross frame of mind awhile ago. Perhaps it was a new hat she couldn't have, but anyway she wouldn't talk to him at all, and he made innumerable efforts to be pleasant. I was thinking what a goose she was when another man came in, the one she is smiling at now. Both bowed to him, and madam's husband invited him to their table, and madam, for the sake of appearances, of course—she couldn't afford to be disagreeable before him—began to chat brightly. Chances are she doesn't really care a straw about this newcomer, but she is nice to him. If she had as much wisdom as I," continued the blond, "she would have been as sweet to her husband—much more worth while."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Two Meals a Day.

With many persons the custom of two principal meals, with a slight lunch between, finds considerable favor, and it has one or two reasons or solid advantages which are worth mentioning—it gives time for complete digestion before the stomach is again called on to take care of a supply of food, and it removes the chief meal from the time when the nerve force is wanted for the brain to an hour when it can assist the stomach.

Persons who are the victims of chronic complaints and whose digestion is slow and feeble are often greatly benefited by taking but two meals a day if they are careful to eat as much in the two as would ordinarily be comprised in three. The neuralgic in particular will do well to adopt this course, but the first meal should be somewhat late and the second reasonably early.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

OME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c., Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John F. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Emerson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engelman, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKeuna.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKeun, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Kapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—L. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Chapin, A. B. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY B. MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FORCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BUILINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets up every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord R. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 2 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TIME TABLE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 3, week days . . . 10:10 a. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 121, week days . . . 4:01 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:25 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days. (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled flat sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 51, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. LV		AR P. M.
2:20	Ridgway	11 50
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:50	Glen Hazel	11:15
3:07	Straight	11:04
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:29	Smith's Run	10:52
3:39	Woodvale	10:45
3:55	Clermont	10:40
P. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on P. & E. division Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. Eastward, and P. & E. division Pennsylvania R. R. for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

8:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Mt. Jewett.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday 9:30 a. m., and 3:30 p. m., and 8:40 p. m. Saturdays only 12:25 p. m. Daily except Sunday from Bradford 12:25 p. m. (Sunday) 8:40 p. m.

For tickets and further information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. A. E. Campbell, Gen'l Supt., Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Jan. 15, 1905

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:30 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:45 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:50 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:27 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:32 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr 5:30 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:05 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 12:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean. 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward		STATIONS.		Lv Westward.	
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp A.M.	P.M. A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25 9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.37	2.32 9.10
7.46	6.	1.57	Carpenter	6.	2.34 9.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37 9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fd Junc	7.37	2.42 9.32
7.30	6.	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46 9.
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49 9.57
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45 9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.05 10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09 10.10
6.35	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17 10.20
6.15	6.	1.05	N. Coudsp't	6.	3.26 10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar. 8.25	3.30 10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.		P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp. 8.28	6.00 1.25
0.	0.	12.13	Hammond	0.	0. 0.
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05 1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10 1.37
3.45	0.	11.50	Knowlton	0.	6.17 0.
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21 1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28 2.01
3.23	0.	11.41	Coleman	0.	6.34 0.
3.20	0.	0.	Chem. Wrks	0.	0. 0.
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40 2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp.	Ar	A.M. P.M. P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65.

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

TEDDYBOY

By
A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1902, by A. M. Davies Ogden

Miss Wainwright, a troubled look in her wide gray eyes, came slowly down the lawn, and, stepping into the rowboat, pushed off. She wanted to be alone—to think.

This afternoon as she had swung lazily in her hammock across the water had come a bark from some dog—a bark strangely resembling that of the lost Teddyboy, and Miss Wainwright had been conscious of a vague disquietude.

It was two months now since the sad day when Teddyboy had disappeared—Teddyboy, with his silky coat, tiny paws and adoring brown eyes. The shrill little bark had evoked that dear memory, and mingled with the thoughts of Teddyboy had stolen in persistent thoughts of his donor, Teddy Mathewson. She had not seen him since their quarrel six months ago a quarrel originating over the question as to whether Teddyboy's pleated ears should be droopy and soft or snappy and short. But a very pretty difference can arise from a very small cause. It was fortunate that they had discovered their lack of congeniality in time, mused the girl.

As Miss Wainwright neared the yachts that rested in the harbor like great white birds again the bark rang out, and the girl started. Could it be possible? Pulling in closer, she glanced around, while the bark changed to a crescendo of joy. There at the head of the companionway on the first yacht stood Teddyboy himself, his small body alive with wriggles of excitement, afraid to descend, beseeching that she come to him. Her own Teddyboy! Without stopping to think, Miss Wainwright hastily flung the painter around a stanchion, then sped up the steps. In a second the little dog was upon her, and the girl, between laughter and tears, had caught him close.

With Teddyboy in her arms, Miss Wainwright hesitated. Should she simply take the dog and go? To be sure it was her dog, but still that hardly seemed a square thing to do. As fitting suddenly there came within range of the dock steward, his uniform Teddy Mathewson. The next was the girl to speak.

"May I ask to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit?" he asked coldly, politely.

Miss Wainwright, all confusion, clutched Teddyboy closer.

"I—I did not know that you were here. I thought you still in Europe," she stammered. "I—I came for Teddyboy"

THERE ON THE FIRST YACHT STOOD TEDDYBOY.

—gathering courage as she proceeded. "I saw him on the deck. He was stolen from me some weeks ago."

The man's face cleared a trifle. She had not sold the dog, then. He had been imagining that any reminder of the giver had become distasteful to her.

"I bought him back from a man in the street," he said. "Of course I recognized Teddyboy. But I fancied that you had disposed of him. I have grown fond of the little fellow."

Teddyboy in Miss Wainwright's arms was making frantic efforts to reach his master. "And you see he cares for me, too," he added, with a smile. Miss Wainwright turned away.

"Give me my dog and let me go!" she cried sharply.

"Pardon me, my dog," declared Mathewson calmly. "Shall he choose?" But the girl, reaching the companionway, uttered a little cry. No boat was to be seen. Mathewson stopped to the rail.

"The current there is very strong," he commented. "Probably the knot that you tied was insufficient."

Miss Wainwright's eyes blazed.

"Kindly have me sent ashore at once," she cried.

The man shook his head.

"I am very sorry," he remarked cheerfully, "but the boat is already ashore. It went in some time ago to bring out people for tea. Mrs. Marshall wished to see the yacht. There they come now."

Miss Wainwright's annoyance deepened.

"Mrs. Marshall?" she exclaimed. "For tea?"

Was there ever such a hateful predicament? The worst gossip in Easterly on her way to the yacht, and she, Sibyl Wainwright, unchaperoned and helpless, on board. Mathewson suppressed a smile.

"Would you care to hide?" he suggested civilly.

"Hide!" repeated Miss Wainwright, with contemptuous scorn. It was quite in her conception of him that he should make such a proposition. Mathewson, intently studying the tilt of her vouchsafed him and nothing the dejected poise of the slender figure, felt his mouth tighten. A curious light leaped to his eyes.

"I'll do it," he murmured. "It is a big chance, but"— The next moment he was welcoming his guests. As Mrs. Marshall extended a plump hand he bowed low.

"I want you to meet Miss Wainwright," he said distinctly. "In fact the little tea today is given for her. Our engagement is not yet announced, but I wished you to be among the first to learn of it."

Miss Wainwright, the color flooding to her temples, bent to put Teddyboy on the deck. When she lifted her head to receive Mrs. Marshall's felicitations and warm handclasp her smile was quite natural.

"I am indeed greatly to be congratulated," she said composedly. "See what a dear little dog I have just gained."

Mathewson bit his lip. He had not known exactly what he had expected, but it was certainly not this. The girl with calm self control took up her role of hostess, insisting that the older woman should make the tea, quietly ordering a fresh supply of anything lacking. Mathewson watched her, a dull ache at his heart. How sweet, how womanly, she was! His audacious announcement to Mrs. Marshall had been the fruit of an impulse, actuated by such varied and complex motives that he himself could not entirely disentangle his reasons for it.

He had never dreamed of finding her at Easterly, much less on his own boat. But, seeing her now, gracious, tactful, dispensing his hospitality to his guests, the empty mockery of it all, the bitterness of this travesty upon his longings, brought a tightening to his throat. Why had he not been able to keep her in those old days? When Mrs. Marshall rose he comprised that Miss Wainwright should be the last to leave. As she moved toward the gangway Mathewson interposed.

"You must forgive me," he began unsteadily. "I—I meant well. But I was probably wrong. I usually am. The yacht is only here for the day. I was leaving tomorrow in any case. You go then today, the engagement is off—what you will. You know well how I feel."

Miss Wainwright lifted clear eyes.

"And Teddyboy?" she questioned.

"Oh, Teddyboy is yours—take him," responded the man wearily. "You were right. His ears would look better short. I had he not been too old I should have had it done when I bought him back." The girl started forward.

"No, no," she cried impulsively. "The long, floppy ones are much nicer. I should have hated you if you had cut them. And I—I—we both love him—and—and if it had not been for his bark this afternoon I—we— Oh, Teddy!" as Mathewson sprang to her side. "Are you people never coming?" called a voice from the boat. "If you are engaged, please remember that the rest of us are mere prosaic mortals and must get home to dinner."

Mathewson, his face aglow with suppressed excitement, leaned over the rail.

"Just a second till I get my cap," he answered jubilantly. "I am coming ashore with you after all. That's it. Steady now, Sibyl—these steps are steep—and for heaven's sake don't drop Teddyboy!"

Duly Impressed.

This theory of governing children by appealing to their reason isn't all it's made out to be," said a public school teacher recently. "I teach in a primary class, and it's my conviction that a youngster actually needs a good spanking once in awhile for his health. It does cheer up a child as nothing else will. Here is an instance:

"One of my boys had skipped his classes, deceived his mother, been found out and caused much unhappiness all around. I took him aside, and we had a heart to heart talk. Johnny sat still, looking at me intently and seeming to be deeply impressed. I thought I was making great headway and that my little sermon was surely penetrating Johnny's brain. I never saw a child who seemed so absorbed, even fascinated, by my line of argument.

"But you never can tell. Just as I had reached the climax in my appeal to his better self a light of discovery broke over Johnny.

"'Say, teacher,' he said eagerly, 'it's your lower jaw that moves, ain't it?'"

In Similar Vein.

A man who suddenly became rich and somewhat prominent in the world adopted manners which he considered appropriate to his new station in life, but which irritated his friends by a suggestion of condescension.

One of the new fashions particularly distasteful to the man's correspondents was his habit of sending letters which read:

Mr. —— instructs me to say that he has received your letter of March 10 and would say in reply, etc.

JOHN SCRIBE, *Secretary.*

Having written in this manner to a friend, he was more surprised than amused to receive the following answer:

Mr. H. has directed his valet to instruct his secretary to tell his typist to say that he is in receipt of your secretary's letter of some days since and would say in reply, etc.

SARAH L. HODGKISS, *Typist.*

—London Standard.

MULLIGAN'S ANTICS.

They Excited Casey's Curiosity and He Got an Explanation.

Casey and Mulligan lived in adjoining tenements. Casey was looking out of his front window one afternoon when he saw Mulligan go through the street door on the run. In a few moments he returned, still running. On the next night Casey saw Mulligan repeat the performance. Casey told his wife there must be sickness in the Mulligan household, but Mrs. Casey said no. On the third day Casey again saw Mulligan dash out of the door and return on the run. On the fourth night Casey saw Mulligan leave the house with a skipping rope and go down the street skipping the rope. When he returned he was still skipping the rope. This was the last straw to Casey's already overburdened curiosity. He watched and when Mulligan was out went to his home.

"Is there anythin' I can do for you Mrs. Mulligan?" he asked her. "What for?" asked Mrs. Mulligan. "Shure and your husband has gone daft," said Casey. "I seen him run out of the house and run back, ag'in three nights and the fourth go out skippin' a rope." "Oh, that's nothin'," said Mrs. Mulligan. "The doctor was here last week. Mike bein' by way of ailin', and gave him four pills. Take three runnin' and skip the fourth," sez he, 'and that's what Mike has been doin'." —New York Tribune.

SPEED OF A RATTLER.

Why It Is Easy to Shoot Off the Head of One of These Snakes.

In this wide world there are several things that are swifter than a rattlesnake, writes A. W. Rolker in Pearson's, but they can probably be counted on the fingers of one hand. One of these things is a bullet, whereby hangs the explanation why it is easy to shoot the head off a rattle, although a marksman finds it difficult to place a bullet along the fat seven foot line between the neck of the reptile and the tip of its tail.

It has long been regarded as a curious coincidence that even the man not famed for accuracy has had no trouble in blowing the head off a diamond back. In the old cow country only one explanation was offered for this—it is the snake and not the man that does it.

At close quarters, the instant the muzzle of a gun covers the head of a rattler with a bullet, it unfailingly precedes the report of the gun by the fraction of a foot in the distance it can travel in the fraction of a second. As the gun roars and dust hits the head of the creature is seen to start, as if struck with a knife, and the viper, like a whirling, writhing, spitting, defiant rattle even as its grim, relentless heart ceases its beat.

CONSTANT BIRDS.

Baldheaded Eagles and Golden Woodpeckers Mate but Once.

The marriage life of most birds could be taken for a model even by members of the human family. There is, for instance, the staid, dignified and honorably baldheaded eagle, the glorious emblem of the American republic. He mates but once and lives with his one mate until he or she dies. If left a widower or a young widower—the baldheaded eagle never mates again. He remains alone and disconsolate in the nest on the rock crag or in the branches of a tall pine that formed his domicile while his mate was alive. No other female eagle can tempt him to forsake his disconsolate life. With him, once a widower, always a widower.

The golden woodpeckers live in a happy married state, mating but once. If the mate dies his mate's grief is lasting, and she lives a widowed bird the rest of her life. So, too, the male woodpecker never seeks another mate after the death of his own. He taps on a tree beside their nest day and night trying to recall her; then, at length, discouraged and hopeless, he becomes silent and never recovers his gayety.—Chicago Tribune.

A Birdlime Tree.

There is in New Zealand a tree which proves fatal to birds in an altogether singular way. The seed vessels give off a sticky fluid, and many a fly finds itself imprisoned in the gummy stuff. These flies in their turn attract small birds, and they also get so covered with the fluid that they are unable to flutter. The fruit, too, is an object of desire, and birds come, as it were, glued to the ripe clusters which they proposed to eat. The wee birds cannot escape without help, so lie there a prey to other animals.

Degrees of Comparison.

On public occasions Count von Moltke was frequently called upon to propose the health of the Emperor William I. At small gatherings he would confine himself to the formula, "Long live the emperor!" On more important occasions he would say, "Long life to his majesty the emperor." At large public banquets the toast culminated in the words, "Long life to his majesty the emperor, our most gracious king and master."

More Satisfactory.

"Why don't you try to make a name that will be respected by future generations?"

"My dear sir," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "my vanity does not go so far. I am content to make a fortune that is respected by the present generation."—Washington Star.

Conjugal Agreement.

Mr. Winkle—There, I've forgotten to post your letter again. I am very absentminded, Mrs. Winkle—Yes, your mind has been absent a good many years.

BRADFORD'S CONVERSION

By CECILY ALLEN

Copyright, 1901, by F. A. Whitehead

"George Bradford, purchasing broker," read the girl, hesitating before the door. She extracted a tiny newspaper clipping from her purse and reread it:

Wanted.—A stenographer; male preferred. 16 Exchange place. G. B.

With trepidation she opened the door and entered a small, unprepossessing office room.

"Good morning," said Bradford, rising and then sitting down abruptly. Business was business.

"Mr. Bradford?" asked the girl, handing him the clipping. "This is your advertisement, I believe?"

"I—I had in mind a young man," began Bradford, obviously ill at ease. He had never associated with women, either socially or in business. In the latter capacity he had strongly disapproved of the sex; in the former—well, he was determined to make money first and love afterward.

"Yes, 'male preferred' is stated in your advertisement," acknowledged the girl, "but I wanted a position, my first one, very much, and—well, I've come to see if fate will be kind."

It was just like a girl to introduce such filmy, uncertain elements as fate into business! And yet Bradford was not so prejudiced as he had been ten minutes before. He fancied the dingy office was brighter already. Then there was another consideration—women demanded smaller remuneration for their work, and this was still a matter of moment with Bradford.

"This—er—you say is your first position?" ventured Bradford, admitting unconsciously that the place was hers already.

The girl saw this, but was too tactful to give evidence of the fact. "Yes," she said, "I have just finished my course in stenography."

Bradford liked her soft, well modulated voice. It would sound well to his customers over the phone. A man's voice would not sound half so well.

"Office work is confining," he suggested by way of discouraging her.

"Yes, but when a woman has to make her way in the world she puts on a smile and faces the worst," she replied, with just a suspicion of an accent on the last word and with an undeniably roguish twinkle in her eyes. She could not quite cast aside the manner that had been her charm in the old life. Family fortunes may take wing and fly, but innate coquetry is not to be stifled by mere financial depression.

Bradford could not deny that her smile had individuality. He wondered why the women he had been forced to meet had never smiled in just that way. He never knew why, but he suddenly wished the office were cleaner. He would certainly speak to the woman who scrubbed and dusted in the building.

"And—about—about salary?" he asked awkwardly. It was all for—this woman in business then. They had no right there. He would have a man. He felt like a cad talking to a woman about salary. What did she know of—of business?

"I believe it is the employer's prerogative to name the salary," said the girl simply.

Bradford, after searching hopelessly in his mind for a combination of words and figures in which to adjust the financial end of the transaction, named the amount which he had had in mind when inserting the "ad."

"That will do very nicely," said the girl, rising. After all, this business life was not so hard; men were not so heartless.

"And your name?" asked Bradford.

"Henderson—Marjorie Henderson," she said, smiling.

"And when will you come?" Bradford surprised himself at the way in which he let her suit her own convenience.

"That, too, is your prerogative," she replied, an odd little expression of deference in her eyes.

"Tomorrow? Is that too soon?" He had not expected to have his stenographer until the following week, but after all, no doubt the sooner he had one the sooner his business letters would commence to bring good results.

"Very well, tomorrow. And at what hour?" This man had not told her anything of his demands upon his employees. She had fancied herself departing with a list of rules a page long to all of which she must adhere rigidly.

"Oh, about 9:30," he said. He had decided when he had inserted the advertisement that he would get to business earlier and have his stenographer there with him. But—oh, well, women should not have to get down too soon. It was hard on them.

"I will be here at that hour, Mr. Bradford, thank you." And she closed the door.

Alone, Bradford lit a cigar and leaned back in his desk chair. What had he done? He had engaged a woman, a girl as a stenographer! She would always be in the office. He could not swear; he wondered if he should smoke. Neither could he take off his coat and put his feet on his desk when he wanted to think things out and bring an unruly customer to time.

But the next morning found him eagerly waiting for 9:30. He could not tell why, but the appearance of a trim little tailor clad figure in the doorway made him glad.

"I—I may put my hat on your desk?" she asked, laying a neat felt hat on the top of his desk. She had only a flat table.

"Oh—oh, no," he said. "Let me—I say, we will have to have a book over there above the washbowl. Yes, put it there." What a nuisance women were, he tried to convince himself. A woman's hat on a man's desk!

An atmosphere of strangeness, of embarrassment and awkwardness filled the tiny office all day, and yet Bradford did not look at the dirty, dingy elevated road for light as he had been accustomed. It was brighter in the office. He dictated his letters and was pleased to note their faultless pages, their neat arrangement, their workmanlike appearance. Perhaps, after all, a woman could learn to be businesslike.

"I will bring a little mirror and—a towel and some soap in the morning, Mr. Bradford, if you don't mind," she said as she left. "Good night."

"A mirror!" Bradford sighed. This was only the beginning. But he was always glad when 9:30 arrived and sorry when closing time came. Business seemed to increase; he sent out so many letters. Miss Henderson was quick, and often she suggested little ideas for featuring goods he was advertising and quoting.

When she asked if she might have a box of flowers in the narrow window Bradford put his hands in his pockets and strode up and down the room. But she had her way, and soon a box of blooming nasturtiums gave the dingy room a cheerful aspect. Every morning before he was ready to give her his letters she watered them with a ridiculous little red watering pot.

Office hours after Miss Henderson had left in the evening Bradford stood over the tiny flower bed and soliloquized. How different the office seemed! How bright and clean his desk always looked! How much the mirror added, and the clean towel, and—and these flowers! They grew and bloomed happily under her care. What would not?—

"Miss Henderson," began Bradford one afternoon when she was leaving early, "I am glad I added the word 'preferred' to my advertisement for a stenographer three months ago."

The girl looked surprised, but she was not.

"Yes?"

"If I had simply said 'male' you would never have ventured to apply." He twisted his pencil into a unsightly string.

"Yes?"

"I—I have never approved of women in business."

She put her hairpins in carefully, slowly. "No?" she intimated by an elevation of her brows.

"Nor—nor anywhere," he confessed. "I've always argued to the contrary."

"But argument does not prevail in anything which matters seriously," admitted the girl.

"And this matters seriously, Marjorie," he said, moving toward her. "It matters awfully. I have to have one in business and—and everywhere. Will you let me have her? I know it isn't businesslike, but—I love you."

Marjorie Henderson looked at him squarely in the eyes. "And I prefer a partnership to a salaried position. You come to the house tonight, and we'll talk it over with mother. It need not be all business then."

Bradford has a little "want" advertisement framed above the desk in his private office today, right over her photograph, for the business has grown, and there are many clerks—but all "male preferred."

He Went to His Station.

The story is told by a former western hotel clerk of the trials of a French head waiter with an untrained Nebraska youth assigned to him for service in the dining room. The youth had been reared on a ranch, but his father and the proprietor of the house were lifelong friends, and, as a favor to the father, the boniface had promised to give the boy a chance. He appeared in abbreviated jeans, and when presented to the full dressed Parisian who presided in the dining room the latter looked him over and, with obvious misgivings, said, "I think he is a little difficult." Nevertheless the recruit was put into the garb of the guild and his zone of activity defined. He was also impressed with the necessity of prompt and unquestioning obedience to orders. The dinner hour arrived, and the direction was given, "Go to your station." Not his to reason why, but blindly to obey, the yokel waiter disappeared. The hour was 1 o'clock, and two and a half hours later he made his reappearance and then explained that he had understood the order, "Go to the station." He had been watching the trains go by and wondered what useful service he was rendering. His connection with the waiter corps was terminated, and he became an assistant baggage wrestler in the porter's room.

It Was Urgent.

An enthusiastic fisherman left London to fish in Scotland and promised to send a friend the first fruits of his skill.

Accordingly a telegram came:

Grand fish, just dispatched, caught this morning.

Next morning a basket was delivered at the friend's house. His surprise and wonder were great when on opening it he found three very fine salmon trout, but his surprise was greater and his wonder less when by the next post he received from a firm of fishmongers in Oban the following note:

We have been instructed by Mr. ——, by a wire from Mull, to forward to your address a seven or eight pound salmon. Unfortunately we have no fish of that size today, but as he says the matter is urgent we have taken the liberty of sending you instead three salmon trout of two and one-half pounds each. Your esteemed commands will always meet with our prompt attention.

—London Answers.

A TEST OF READING.

With How Many of These Authors Are You Acquainted?

Let him who pretends to be a master of English letters say whether he has read the prose works of Milton and of Dryden. Has he first hand knowledge of the Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakespeare? Has he really perused all of Edmund Spenser's poetry? What does he know from his own reading of the "Advancement of Learning?" Has he read all of Sir Thomas Browne's prose and John Donne's poetry? And the great English pulpit orators—Jeremy Taylor, Fuller, South and Barrow—has he mastered their sermons?

Can he truthfully testify that he knows all of Swift, Johnson and Burke, all of Bishop Berkeley, Daniel Defoe, the novels of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett and Sterne, the histories of Hume, Robertson and Gibbon and also Hume's philosophical essays, the prose of Coleridge, Wordsworth's "Excursion," all of Shelley, Jane Austen's, Maria Edgeworth's and Disraeli's novels? Those are English classics, books which no gentleman's library should be without and with the contents of which a well read man ought to be acquainted.

One would wager much against little that the ordinary man who calls himself well read has not read 50 per cent of the classics here enumerated.—San Francisco Bulletin.

JACK TAR'S SPREE.

The Second Section of It Cost Less Than the First.

In the Sailors' home in Brooklyn the navy boys deposit for safe keeping in the course of a year many thousands of dollars. Some time ago one of them after being paid off at the end of his enlistment had $700, which he deposited with the superintendent of the home—all but $50, with which he intended to have a good time. Along toward midnight he returned, in a hilarious condition and asked for $50 more. The superintendent handed him two one dollar bills, and the sailor went off apparently satisfied. The following morning he dropped in and requested the superintendent to give him the balance of his money, as he was going home. The superintendent offered him $648.

"No," said the sailor; "I'm not that kind of a chap. I don't want to cheat you out of $48. I drew $100 from you last night, and you've paid me $48 too much."

"You're mistaken," said the superintendent. "When you came the second time I gave you only $2, and this is the balance due you."

"All right, governor," replied the Jack tar. "But, would you believe it, I had just as much fun on that $2 as if it had been $50?"—New York Press.

NO MONOPOLY OF BRAINS.

This Is the Age of Opportunity For the Able Man.

One of the many hopeful signs of the times is the apparent decay of the breed of so called great men, those mighty personalities that in former times stood out like a solitary tree in a vast prairie. The reason for it, of course, is the distinction of all those old time monopolies of brains which stunted all human beings except a few who by chance gather than by superiority of fiber grew and developed. There are thousands, literally thousands, of men now living who if they had lived a century or so ago and had done a work similar to that which they are doing without any very sonorous fanfare upon the trumpets of fame would have been the talk of the world and the main topic of history. And how many of the so called great achievements of so called great statesmen, soldiers and thinkers of former times would be impossible today because those achievements depended chiefly upon the ignorance and incapacity of the overwhelming mass of the men of their day!

Truly this is the age of opportunity.—Saturday Evening Post.

Swimming Elephants.

The elephants of Burma, in India, are used for a variety of purposes. Throughout the day they work steadily as laborers in carrying the great timbers from place to place, a single elephant doing the work, it is estimated, of a score of men. Their great diversion in hours of rest is bathing, and they take their baths in a curious way. The keeper takes his place on the back of an elephant and thus placed makes a tour of a great lake or river, the huge animal swimming under him at a surprising rate, while he is kept high and dry above water.

An Autograph Hint.

"Will you oblige me with your autograph?" asked a bore of a busy public man.

"Certainly," replied the public man. "Just make out a check for 10 guineas payable to my order. I will indorse it cheerfully, and in due time you may be sure, it will come back to you safely through your bank."

Very Likely.

Friend—How do you suppose your baby caught the whooping cough? He hasn't been near any other children. Mother—He probably inherited it from me. I had it when I was just his age. —Detroit Free Press.

The Important Point.

Papa—What! Daughter—I wish to marry the duke. Papa—Well, I'll give up! Daughter—I knew you would, you dear old popper you, but the duke wants to know how much.—Houston Post.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.—Rochefoucauld.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.25 per year in advance. Subscribe now.

INSURANCE.
Life Fire and Accident
written by
W F SPECHT
SMETHPORT PA
In good reliable companies.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

A HUMAN SALAMANDER.

The Story of Junot of the Ninth and the Emperor Napoleon.

It was a warm spring day after the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillerymen as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud constructed forts a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou art a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

"Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale faced man in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer as he ran his eye over the corporal. "Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general pleasantly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side." And he indicated the side nearest to the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place.

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace.

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was the nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun cartridge, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon ball passed close above them and buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond. The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the rampart, the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly toward the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends!" he shouted. "You have saved me the trouble of blotting it!"

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general.

"What is your name?" he asked harshly.

"Corporal Junot of the Ninth foot, general."

"Say rather 'Captain Junot,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals." And General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later Marshal Junot was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.—Frank E. Channon in St. Nicholas.

Dividing the Land.

Among several of the early tribes (or nations, as they called themselves) of the south of Mexico all the land was divided into three portions, one of which went to the state, another to the church and general education, and the third was divided equally among all able bodied men in proportion to the families they had to sustain. In this way poverty was practically unknown among them, for provision was also made by the state for the sick, infirm, blind and maimed. Therefore no one need be poor, and only the idle and vicious were. So poverty was punished as a crime.

In several countries of South America this law was also enforced. One of the most notable examples was Peru. There one-third of all the conquered land went to the support of the royal court and the government, the second third to the people and the third one to the church, practically the same arrangement, for there, as in Mexico, the church was the guardian of letters and education and the instructor of the Peruvian youth.—Modern Mexico.

Snow Images.

In the little town of Andreasberg, in the Harz mountains of Germany, making snow images has been reduced to a science under the stimulus of an annual snow festival in which the residents of the town compete for prizes. During the time it is in progress the little village is thronged with guests. One year 4,000 persons enjoyed the sport. The task of the judges is by no means an easy one. In back yards, front yards and in the streets before the houses the models, which include figures and complex groups of all kinds, have been set up. That worker in the snow is wisest who waits until the last moment and then works swiftly and skillfully. Many a good sculptor's work has been reduced to a shapeless mass before the judges got around just because the sun would not hide its face.

The Brute.

Wife (who is always ailing) — You will bury me by the side of my first husband, won't you, dear? Husband—With pleasure, my dear.

The art of putting the right men in the right places is the first science of government.—Talleyrand.

STORY OF "LAS MENINAS."

How One of Velasquez's Notable Pictures Came to Be Painted.

The story of "Las Meninas" is that Velasquez was painting a portrait of the Spanish king and queen (who sat where the spectator is when he looks at the picture). Their little daughter, the Infanta Margarita, came in with her maids of honor, her dog and her dwarfs and accompanied by her duenna and a courtier. The little princess asks for a drink of water, a maid of honor hands it to her with the elaborate etiquette prescribed by the formalities of the most rigidly ceremonious court in Europe. The scene presented so charming a picture that the king desired Velasquez to paint it. The artist has included himself in the group at work upon a large canvas on which it is supposed he was painting a portrait of the king and queen when the interruption occurred. The reflection of the king and queen appears in the mirror at the end of the room, and the chamberlain, Don Jose Nieto, stands outside the door drawing the curtain. The scene is, indeed, represented with such wonderful realism that a famous French critic said of it, "So complete is the illusion that, standing in front of 'Las Meninas,' one is tempted to ask, 'Where is the picture?'"—St. Nicholas.

Badly Bitten.

Maudie—Pa, will our new mamma go mad after awhile? Father—What a question! Why do you think such a thing? Maudie—Well, I heard her tell the cook yesterday that she got badly bitten when she married you!

SPRING CLOTHING

for man and boy has been coming in for two weeks and we are ready for the early birds.

We shan't disappoint you either.

One line of suits taken individually or collectively represent the cream of the clothes market of this United States.

We have also secured spring hats, shirts and neckwear.

You are welcome only to look.

IKE SIMONS,

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Quaker Oats

Are the standard Oats the world over. I buy these oats direct from the mill, shipped in car with F. S flour. Just received fresh supply and sell them at 10c for 2-lb. pkg. Banner Oats were included in the shipment, together with Apitezo and Brittle Bitts. They are fine. Try any or all of them and remember they are direct from the mills of the American Cereal Co. and just received. Let me sell you the next sack of flour you buy and you will agree with me that it is the best flour you ever used.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description gives us a call.

Shoes for Men

Shoes for Women

Shoes for Children

Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

$33 TO California

From Chicago, every day, March 1 to May 15, 1905, to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Sacramento and many other points in California. Tickets good in tourist sleeping cars. Rate for double berth, Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Sacramento and many other points in California, $7. Through train service from Union Passenger Station, Chicago, via the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul AND Union Pacific—Southern Pacific Line

If you are thinking of such a trip, this is your opportunity to make it at least expense.

Handsome book, descriptive of California sent for six cents' postage.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent,
1245 Railway Exchange,
CHICAGO.

or,

W. S. HOWELL,
General Eastern Agent,
381 Broadway,
NEW YORK CITY.

Complete information will be sent free on receipt of this coupon with blank lines filled. Coupon should be mailed to-day.

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ State_____

Probable Destination_____

A Personal Letter from Mr. Shaw

When looking for a new factory superintendent two years ago, I visited the three great vehicle centers of the Central West; talked to and investigated the records of thirty men, many of them having charge of some of the largest factories in the country. I found my man. **I know that we have one of the very best vehicle factory superintendents in America.** He has had twenty years' experience in buggy building. All that time he has been accustomed to making high grade work. That is our class. I attend personally to the buying of materials; am thoroughly conversant with every kind, size, the weight, grade, strength, finish, price and general construction of every piece of woodwork, hardware, steel, leather, cloth, paint and varnish that goes into our work; have visited and examined the material, and have torn apart the finished work of six or eight of the largest factories; want to say that **I am confident we are building a better buggy than these factories ship to the dealer at one-third more than the price we ask you.** A fact. Think it over.

Our pay roll, when compared with that of other factories, shows that we are paying more in wages. This means we have a higher class of mechanics. The result is better quality of work.

We had over 60,000 orders in this department last year. Very busy now, but we have a lot of good, experienced men to help. People are realizing that this is the place to buy vehicles.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. VEHICLE FACTORY AT CHICAGO HEIGHTS, ILL. (25 miles south of Chicago)

I know of factories who build practically but one buggy, but have possibly twenty different prices. To explain: Here is their $35.00 buggy; their $40.00 buggy has the same wheels, body, axles, gear, shafts, top, etc., as their $35.00 job, with possibly 50 cents more in little immaterial things; and so forth all the way along the line. We grade our work. We make the same small percentage of profit on a $50.00 job that we do on a $35.00. On high-priced work we are not only giving better quality of material and better finish, but more improvements and little equipments which you do not find on the cheaper rig.

Recently a certain manufacturing concern which builds work for a catalogue house, ordered, through another party, one of our low-priced buggies and had it shipped to their factory for examination. They wanted to know why people were buying Ward's vehicles. Upon receipt of the job it had so many features of the higher priced buggies, such a fine finish, and was so stylish and well proportioned in every way that they concluded we had made a mistake and sent them our highest priced buggy. Imagine what they said. There was no mistake about it. The facts are (and I will stake my reputation upon it) that we are giving our customers stronger and more durable vehicles, better made in every way, easier riding, more stylishly trimmed, better finished and altogether with more lasting qualities for the money than any other buggy concern in the world.

Our vehicle business in 1904 increased 20 per cent; other houses fell behind 20 per cent. We never put a $50 description on a $40 job.

We have purchased material for manufacturing twice as many vehicles in 1905 as in 1904. We paid spot cash for it. We expect great things. Have really put prices upon the finished work that are extraordinarily low when considering the quality. **Send us your order and we guarantee to return you good material and good labor in the shape of a good rig.**

Send for Our Vehicle Catalogue

The descriptions in our vehicle catalogue are correct. We have the goods to back them up. **We know what's under the paint.** If you have not received a copy ask for it. Order with this understanding: That if, upon receipt you are not satisfied, write us and we will have the job returned, promptly refund your money and pay the expense both ways.

MR. F. L. SHAW

We shall be pleased at any time to have our customers visit our plant, and I, personally, will be glad to answer any questions regarding our work, or to assist you in any way possible in the selection of a job or to quote and purchase for you any special vehicle that we may not catalogue.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago.

Gentlemen—Please send a copy of your Illustrated Vehicle Catalogue to the following address:

Name_____

Postoffice_____

R. F. D. Route_____ State_____

Write your name and address on above lines, cut out the coupon and mail to Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, our large illustrated Vehicle Catalogue, showing the rigs we manufacture at our Chicago Heights factory under the management of Mr. F. L. Shaw.

F. L. SHAW, Gen'l Manager Vehicle Factory No. 1

Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago

Michigan Avenue, Madison & Washington Streets

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 3d day of April, 1905, by D. L. Robbins, M. P. Welch, W. E. Llewelyn, J. S. Brown, W. A. Young, Edwin Harrison and T. L. Sartwell, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called THE ELDRED CUTLERY COMPANY, the character and object of which is the manufacture and selling of knives, cutlery, &c., and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

J. R. HAUGHNEY,
Solicitor.

Blankets and Robes.

This season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Dusters, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in Single or Double Light and heavy harness.

Thos. Lemmaley,

Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

Gorton & Richmond

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

E. L. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

Byron D. Hamlin. John Forrest.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Smethport, Penn'a

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. F. Sherman,

PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 187 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell 'Phone.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES MCGUIRE, Prop'r.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been remodeled and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Geo. Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

CARTWELL HOUSE,

PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

CLERMONT, PENNA.

This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.

New York Counts, Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" BLEASON. The Post Building

Smethport, Pa.